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CONSTANCE RIVERS.

VOL. I.

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CONSTANCE RIVERS.

BY

LADY BARRETT LENNARD.

“ My fondest—faintest—latest accents hear—
Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove ;
Then give me all I ever ask'd—a tear,
The first—last—sole reward of so much love ! ”
The Corsair.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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CHAPTER I.

“ Oh ! that I less could fear to lose this being
Which, like a snow-ball in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasped the faster melts away.”

DRYDEN.

“ OH ! Patty, Patty, I feel stifled !—I
can't breathe in this house !” said a
young lady to her companion, who was
something between a servant and friend, as
she threw open the window, and was
covered immediately by a shower of smuts,
which came in with the accession of cold
air, which it would have been a compliment
to have called *fresh*. “ Pshaw !” she said,
looking at the tips of her fingers, which
were blackened by the accumulation of soot

on the window-ledge—"now I will go upstairs and wash my hands. How careless and dirty the housemaid must be!"

"I saw her clean the window-ledge myself this morning," said Patty; "the smuts come again directly if you open the window, and if you don't open it, they still come, but in less quantity. Let me get some water and soap and a towel for your hands; you ought not to go up and down stairs in your situation."

"Yes, I ought. The doctor says I must take exercise, and where I am to get it, unless in the house, I don't know. Fancy taking an airing through Aldermanbury in the month of August! However, it is as bad for you as for me, for I have a husband for whom I bear it, and you only stay here from love of me."

"Yes, ma'am—all the same, I thought before I came that London was a grand

place, and that I should see all kinds of fine sights; but somehow this little court kind of a place is very dull—the grass is nearly black, and the leaves of the trees, that would like to turn yellow, some of them, if they could, are all as if they had been painted with soot,” and Patty sighed to think of the gamekeeper’s lodge in the wilderness in which she had been born and bred in the West country. “Must Mr. Rivers always live here?” she added, after a pause.

“I suppose so; the lease of the house is for fourteen years, I believe; and oh! Patty, I shall die!—I know I shall in this horrid place. I *cannot* live here!” and she threw herself on Patty’s shoulder, and wept hysterically.

“I wish master would come home,” said Patty; “but it’s not more than five o’clock,

and he won't be here till six. How the sun does glare down through those dirty white curtains, only put up clean a fortnight ago, they say !”

Patty took some eau-de-Cologne from the scent-bottle, and wiped the young lady's brow. They had come up from a small town in Cornwall a few days before, and had found a house taken by the father of Mr. Rivers, newly “swept and garnished,” and with every requirement of comfort, and even luxury, in the opinion of the old merchant, who knew not the habits of the wild bird for whom he had provided this cage, in which she seemed disposed to beat herself to death.

The walls of the small drawing-room were prettily covered with a Pompeian pattern, in different shades of distemper ; but her husband's guests had leant their heads, plentifully bedewed with Macassar

oil, against it, and left circular stains, which the young wife had vainly attempted to rectify. It took away all her pleasure in the small drawing-room. The same marks of personal adornment and selfishness as to its results were shown on the pretty chintz furniture of the sofas and easy-chairs. The young men had smoked, too, in the dining-room, and the oily vapour hung about the curtains, leaving the most loathsome of smells—that of stale tobacco. It required all Lilian Rivers' devotion to her husband to make her silent under her accumulation of small vexations. Her mother-in-law had selected the nurse who was to attend her, and this wrinkled beldam, with the ugly gleam of her black eyes, reminded Lilian, she told Patty, of the Witch of Endor, in her uncle's picture-Bible ; for Lilian was the orphan niece of a clergyman in a small Cornish village.

The father of Mr. Rivers was a hop-merchant, residing in Castle Square, but the chance of making a large sum by a *coup de main* had tempted him to take some shares in a Cornish mine. The necessity of having his interests properly represented, had induced him to send his son Edward to take the management of the mine for a few months, with the consent of the other shareholders; and, while thus engaged, Edward had loved and married the penniless daughter of a deceased Navy captain, telling his family of the transaction when it was concluded. His father was indignant, but was too much mixed up with his son in business transactions to say all he thought, and too dependent on Edward's energy and skill; so he made the best of it, and took a small house in Saint Helen Square, Aldermanbury, whilst he remained in Castle Square. As Saint Helen Square was considered

genteel compared with Castle Square, Mrs. Rivers, the mother-in-law, grudged the small residence to her new daughter, and hated her after the usual fashion with which mothers-in-law generally detest their sons' wives.

The poor young lady was sufficiently depressed by the new circumstances in which she was placed. In Cornwall she had found in Edward Rivers a devoted lover and a fond husband. He used to watch for her coming in the morning, as he prepared to walk over the breezy cliff to the mine—whither he went daily for his business. The house inhabited by her uncle, the clergyman, with whom she resided, was situated on the bank of a clear and rapid river, narrow enough to be spanned by an old grey bridge of freestone. This parsonage was but a low cottage, but it was smothered with roses, myrtles, and verbenas—very

pretty, Edward used to think Lilian looked, when framed, as it were, in this doorway of flowers. The parson was old and poor, and had no wealth with which to endow his orphan niece, so when he found that Edward Rivers was in earnest in his wooing, he gave him every encouragement to win his bride.

When Edward found it necessary to return to London, they had been ten months married, during which time they had continued to reside with the old uncle of the bride. Lilian, therefore, on taking possession of her London house, then wanted only a few weeks of her confinement, and under these circumstances, at all times so disadvantageous to both spirits, health, and appearance, she made the acquaintance of her husband's family.

The ten months which had elapsed since Lilian's marriage had sufficed to prove that

lovers and husbands have different standards of merit. Her young, sweet, fresh life, her clean light dresses, and unartificial manners, had captivated the London-bred man ; but as the period arrived when she was to be introduced to his family, he began, unconsciously to himself, to judge her by *their* standard, rather than by that which his love had set up before he married her. Lilian could hem, seam, and back-stitch, but she knew nothing of Poonah painting, or imitations of Japan work—which his sisters executed with success. She sang with a sweet clear voice in the village choir, but knew nothing of instrumental music, and had scarcely ever seen a piano ; whilst his sisters *executed* duets in a style which certainly produced a *stunning* effect. In his father's house meals were matters of grave importance, and to eat at any but the prescribed hours was considered a sin against

good taste. Lilian had been accustomed to dine on an apple and a piece of bread, and as neither required cooking, she took both as hunger dictated.

In the few miserable days passed with her husband's family, each member seemed determined to mortify and oppress her to the amount of their small powers—and grief unspeakable! Edward did not seem to take Lilian's part. There is an inherent conviction in a man's mind that his own family are "the wise of the earth," and that the precepts inculcated in his childhood cannot err. When he falls in love these household deities totter slightly, but only to establish themselves more firmly in the new home. Clever must be that wife who, seeming to bow down and worship these strange gods, contrives in her feigned devotion to topple them down, and place others of her own construction in their place.

Regular days had regular joints appropriated to them, and Lilian, whose fevered mouth loathed the wine and beer, and Thames water, on asking timidly, at luncheon, for some fruit, which was not on the table, was told with a sneer that—

“*Their family* only ate fruit at the right time—at dessert.”

The mother-in-law was sure that Edward’s pocket could never stand a white dress every day.

“Why, do you know, Mrs. Edward, what those white dresses cost to wash?”

“No.”

“No? you seem to know nothing. Why, eighteenpence each! You had better ask Ned to buy you something dark and serviceable. I suppose you have no money of your own—that young woman, your maid, can make it. *I* never had a maid till my daughters grew up.”

Lilian explained, in a faltering tone, that Patty was only to stay with her as a companion, till—till baby is born, and perhaps after as a nurse.

“I shall want a nurse,” she added, more boldly.

“Great nonsense to count your chicken before it is hatched,” said Mrs. Rivers. “Better have left her in Cornwall. Where are you going to put *me*, I should like to know, for of course I shall stay with you to witness the birth of Ned’s first child—a motherless girl, too,” added the pompous lady, taking great credit to herself for the tenderness of her maternal feelings, whilst Lilian, perfectly overwhelmed by this new misfortune, could not utter a word of the thanks required of her. She shrank from the repellent, vulgar, and harsh woman, who asserted her claim, at the hour of the young wife’s greatest suffering and possibly

peril, to be with her ; and Lilian could not help a lurking wish that her Edward had been motherless as well as herself.

We will now return to where we left her with Patty bathing her forehead. This young person reminded her that her master would be back soon, and would expect to find her dressed for dinner. She knew that the expectation of seeing him would do more than anything else to still her sobs.

Patty took her to her room, and smoothed her hair, and put on her a clean muslin dress, not having the fear of the mother-in-law before her eyes ; and then the young wife stationed herself at the drawing-room window, from whence she could watch the entrance into the court called a garden, which, lighted by a gas lamp, revealed clearly the few persons who passed in. There she stood, leaning her head against the glass, till Patty, who lingered near, re-

minded her that she would have a dirty mark where her brow had touched it. She withdrew her forehead with a gesture of impatience, and tried to rub it clean with her handkerchief, but London dirt seems greasy, and only spreads by friction. Patty got a towel and wiped it off—just in time, for Lilian had perceived her father-in-law turn in under the glare of the lamp, and, forgetting everything but the sudden dread that something might have happened to Edward, which his father had come to announce, she ran downstairs, and through the passage to the front door, which she opened for Mr. Rivers, just as he was about to knock, and his astonishment was unbounded at seeing his daughter-in-law in the place of the footman.

“What!—Mrs. Edward!—how could you do such an unusual—such an improper thing? Open the door yourself! What

does your husband keep that boy for?"

The door of her uncle's house had scarcely ever been fastened, and in the summer it stood open; in the winter Lilian or her uncle thought it no shame to welcome their visitors on the threshold, and, hearing or seeing coming footsteps, to open the door themselves. So that Lilian did not see her impropriety in so dark an aspect as it appeared to her father-in-law; but she liked him best of her new relations, for from him she had received the only greeting which had any cordiality in it on her first arrival in Castle Square; so she said she was "very sorry—very, indeed. She would not open the door to him again, and" (with a spice of roguery) "would take care that he should be kept waiting in the court rather than distress him thus in future." He grumbled out his message then from her husband, which was an excuse for not

dining with her, as the people in Castle Square wanted him to meet some friends of *theirs*. Lilian said "very well" with a sinking heart, for she felt the snub of exclusion, though she should have declined the dinner had she been asked.

Mr. Rivers then left her, and she rung the bell for the awkward lad in livery, who had six weeks before rejoiced in a muffin cap and long petticoats at a charity-school, to open the door for the departing merchant. Then, drearily enough, she sat down to her dinner, giving herself the consolation of Patty's company and talking of the village they had left, and wondering whether the uncle of one was taking his supper of gruel, and the father of the other his cider posset. At eleven o'clock Lilian again took her stand at the drawing-room window, to watch for her husband's return.

CHAPTER II.

“ Poor particle of sand, in nature’s hour-glass,
 Falling unnoticed ’midst its myriad fellows ;
 Poor plaything ! sought by youth to make his time pass,
 Dropt from the hand as manhood’s judgment mellows ;
 Few are the tears that grace thy parting hour,
 And hurrying life resumes its wonted power.”

E. B. L.

THE heat continued to be oppressive, and Lilian felt ill and faint, when her husband at length arrived, at a quarter to twelve. He found her agitated and depressed. The old nurse proposed to send for the surgeon ; and Edward, with the idea that he was pouring balm into the afflicted breast of his wife, assured her that he had “ sent for his mother,” which he knew “ would be a comfort to her.”

Patty, though ordered away by everyone but Lilian, who clung to her hand, persisted in remaining with her friend and mistress. After many hours of pain and peril, a delicate infant was born, whose sex brought disappointment to the father, as he had hoped for a boy.

“Give *me* the child,” said the mother’s feeble voice, stretching weak arms from the coverlet. She had heard a few words of grumbling, and could have wept, had she not been too weak, at the thought that her infant was unwelcomed. Weaker she was becoming every moment; but with the first stirring of maternal love came an intense desire for life.

“Am I worse than is usual?” she said, grasping the hand of the surgeon, as he put his finger on her pulse. “Do you think I shall live or—die?” she continued, with a great effort, as if the pronunciation of the

word would bring about the fact, and with a terrible eagerness in her eyes which were fixed on his face.

The doctor was a pious man—Low Church.

“There is no saying,” said he, looking up to the ceiling, “how far the arm of the Lord may be stretched out to pluck you from the depth of hell.”

“Oh! I know what that means,” she said, tossing his hand away impatiently. “I am dying!—send for Edward!—oh! Patty, I am dying!—the arm of the Lord!—I can’t expect a miracle!—Edward!” she gasped, holding him by his curls, as she drew him towards her, “send the child into the country—she can’t breathe here. Oh! Patty, promise you will take the child back to Cornwall—Edward will pay you.”

“My dearest, why this?”

“Because I’m dying fast. I heard him tell the nurse I should not be alive in two

hours. I should so like to live, for the poor baby's sake !”

“ You will live—you shall live !” said Edward ; “ send for Doctor Victory—tell him to come directly. Lie still and compose yourself ; you will get over this faintness presently.”

Lilian lay still, and Edward called the surgeon, and heard from him the confirmation of Lilian's convictions—she was sinking.

“ Can nothing be done ?”

“ Nothing, but a little stimulant now and then.”

A message now came from downstairs—Miss Rivers wanted to speak to her brother ; she was engaged to be married to a young clergyman of high Puseyitish notions, who had suggested the propriety of reading prayers by the dying woman, but who could not conscientiously do so, without first being made aware of her religious impressions.

“Surely you do not wish your wife to go out of the world like a heathen,” said the energetic sister; “who knows to what future punishment your criminal indifference may bring her?”

“I’m not indifferent, Maria; but, really, if poor Lilian must die——”

“Better that she should fall asleep in the Lord,” rejoined Miss Rivers.

Thus urged, Edward went on tip-toe to the bed-side of his wife, and saw her sad blue pinched face, and her colourless hand placed over the little red arm of the newly-born infant. Edward stooped over her, and said,

“Lilian, give me some assurance of your hopes in futurity.”

Lilian opened her heavy eyes with imperfect perception.

“Open the window,” she said faintly—“I can’t breathe!”

“Give her her death of cold!” said the nurse.

“What! open the window!” exclaimed her mother-in-law; “and she only brought to bed a few hours!”

Patty threw open both windows, and the draught of air revived for an instant the dying girl. The nurse and Mrs. Rivers hastened to shut them again; and, during the unseemly scuffle which ensued, Edward repeated his question, and the clergyman stretched out his neck to catch the answer. It was unsatisfactory, for some favourite lines from Cato, often quoted by her uncle, hung upon Lilian’s lips, and she repeated them now—

“The wide, the unbounded prospect is before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.”

“She is wandering,” said Edward; “better not disturb her.”

The clergyman read the prayers for the

dying, till interrupted by the final convulsions—and the child was an orphan ! Truly, like those of a celebrated hero of fiction, her misfortunes began before she was born.

Mrs. Rivers, who had retired from the room in dudgeon, after her passage of arms with Patty, was awaiting the termination of the domestic tragedy upstairs in company with her daughter.

“She can’t last long,” said the mother-in-law. “I wonder if Edward will expect me to take charge of that puling baby ?”

“I’m sure *I* should not,” rejoined the daughter, “whether he expected it or not. A pretty thing, indeed, to give up one of our rooms for a nursery—and to give you and papa a squalling brat to disturb you in your old age.”

“Well as to *that*, Jane, I’m not so very old ; not but what a child, and a fresh nursery, and all the trouble of a nurse, and

always a separate fire, must be a great vexation."

"I wonder whether Edward will keep this house, or let the remainder of the lease?" said Jane, with a floating thought that her future husband might get it a bargain from her brother under the circumstances.

"'Tis all over, mum," said the nurse, putting her head in at the door. "I've giv the babe some gruel, and a drop of Dalby's in it to set it to sleep, so we may have a little peace, when we've laid out that poor thing upstairs, which we is going to do now, me and my helper."

"Where's Mr. Edward?"

"He's a-shut hissself up in his dressing-room, and won't speak to no one."

"I think we will go home, Jane. We shall get something to eat comfortable, and Edward can come and speak to us in the

evening, when no one can see him, as it would not be right to be seen out before she is buried. Monstrous provoking, to be sure, that Mrs. Edward should go to die just now, this dreadful hot weather, just when you've got set up with summer clothes—a fine expense to go into mourning, too!”

“Well, ma, better she should die now, than when she had half a dozen children to plague us. I think we must forgive her the season of the year, all the more as I don't suppose she wished to die.”

“No business to go and get married, that I know of!” said the logical lady. “And whilst she did die, 'twould have been a mercy if she had taken that weakly child with her. Just as I wanted to go to Ramsgate, too, with you girls. And now I suppose your father won't let us go till after the funeral.”

Edward, having wept away the first vio-

lence of his sorrow, on emerging from his dressing-room, heard sobs, and looking into the chamber of death, saw Patty, with the infant in her arms, trying to hush it to sleep, to which the dose of Dalby's had not yet been sufficiently potent to consign it.

"What is to be done with this child?" was the question the father asked himself.

"You seemed very fond of Mrs. Edward Rivers," he said, addressing Patty. A fresh burst of weeping was the reply. "Would it suit you to remain with me, and take charge of the child?"

"Oh! sir, I could not live here. I've never felt able to breathe since I came up."

"Would you take the infant back to your own home?"

"You see, sir, I should not mind the trouble for her that is gone, but I have father at home, and a child makes a difference; there's the fires, and then babes will

cry, and aggravate the men, just as they want a good night's rest."

"I should pay you what is right, and enough to satisfy your father," and the young merchant ran over in his mind the various expenses. "If I keep the child there is the board of the nurse, £25, wages £10 more, beer and washing £4 (£39)—washing done cheaper in the country. If I give her £50 a year to keep the child, and provide its clothes, I shall do handsomely, and not lose anything; there will be a constant fire in the nursery if it stays here—that will mount up to £11 in the course of the year."

It was agreed, therefore, that Patty should write and suggest this arrangement to her father.

"The child must be brought up by hand, of course—a wet nurse would be an absurd expense," said the father.

“But if,” said the careful Patty, “the babe should pine away, and be likely to die——”

“Pooh! nonsense!—*that* will not die!” he answered, impatiently, and, *sotto voce*, “had it been a boy, now, there might have been some good in its living.”

A week after, and the poor young wife was consigned to Kensal Green Cemetery, and Patty and the infant were sent off to Cornwall, where both were forgotten by the Rivers family, excepting when the period of half-yearly payments reminded Edward of his loving folly, as he now considered it, and made him utter muttered curses on its fruits—why did she not die?—she was always reported by Patty to be “delicate.”

Edward Rivers had not given up the lease of his house. He wiped his eyes, and used them to look about him, and ultimate-

ly fixed them on the coarse features of the only daughter of a drysalter, whose father was supposed to be enormously wealthy. Edward was rather disappointed at finding that £5,000 was all that his future father-in-law was willing to pay down on the marriage; but he had gone too far to retract, and, besides, he lived in hopes of better things in the future; so Miss Cheek was, before six months had elapsed, established as mistress of the cook and housemaid and *ci-devant* muffin cap in Saint Helen Square, and exerted her newly-acquired authority in refurnishing and restoring her rooms, and by dint of anti-macassars, and a nimble tongue, she banished deforming stains from the drawing room, and the smokers themselves to Edward's back room, or "study," as it was called. Two little Rivers' girls came like olive branches to bless their parents round

their table, and every year the £50 to Lilian's child was more and more begrudged.

Eighteen years had elapsed since we introduced Edward Rivers and his young wife to the reader. Eighteen years passed in successful scheming in toiling for wealth, with varied fortune, but ever advancing in position and consequence, had exalted him from Saint Helen Square to a handsome house in Hanover Square, and a seat in Parliament, as representative for the Borough of M—. Eighteen years had preserved to him also two daughters, now aged seventeen and sixteen. Constance, the neglected child of his lost Lilian, had been left undisturbed in the possession of Patty Penrose, the gamekeeper's daughter. Patty had been exalted, too, in her way, and had been promoted to be housekeeper in "the great house," as it was called, where, as the possessor was not

in the habit of residing, Patty, or *Mrs.* Penrose, as she was called, kept her young charge, with great satisfaction to herself, for the child was first an amusement, and then a companion. The sum of fifty pounds was mulct to pay for Constance's slender wardrobe; for Mr. Rivers had given a supplementary five pounds occasionally, with such unwillingness, that Patty preferred doing the best with her small allowance, to making any additional claim.

The tie of love between her and her charge could have but one termination, and that was hastening on. Constance's great-uncle had been dead for some years; but Mr. Rivers one day received a letter from a stranger, who signed himself Rector of Saint Eye, the village where Lilian had dwelt, informing Mr. Rivers that the worthy woman who had had the charge of his daughter was at the point of death, and was very

anxious that he should come or send for "her dear child," as she called the young lady, as soon as "the breath was out of her body," for otherwise the poor thing would be "so lonesome."

This appeal from an educated man, and a gentleman—a man in his own sphere of life—could not be disregarded by one who was careful to pay the tithe of mint and anise and cummin, whereby to obtain "the praise of men."

Mr. Rivers put himself into the train on the South Western Railway, and arrived at Boscobel, or "the great house," as it was called, late in the evening. The porter admitted him, and a female servant preceded him on tiptoe to the room where Patty had ceased to breathe. There was the stark *thing* lying on the bed—the head and face in shadow, and at the foot, with her head bowed on her clasped hands, knelt a slender

figure, which instinct told him it was Constance. The noise of his approach, though slight, aroused her, and she arose and stood upright, seemingly defiant, in her grief, of any interruption. Years seemed obliterated before the rocking brain of the father. Memory recalled a slight extended figure, and Patty sobbing over his infant. Now it seemed as if his late wife stood living before him, and Patty had taken her place on the bed of death. Though Edward recognised his daughter from her resemblance to his deceased wife, she had no such land-mark to guide her. He was to her but an unwelcome witness of her desolation.

“I am Mr. Rivers—your father, my dear.”

“Mr. Rivers—my father!” repeated Constance, slowly, after the speaker, as if trying to attach some meaning to the word. He advanced and held out his hand, and, stoop-

ing forward, kissed her brow. This salute she suffered, but did not return; and, sitting down by the side of the bed, she covered her eyes with her hands, and sobbed convulsively.

“I have lost all the love I ever had,” would have been the words of her feelings.

“I wonder how long that girl means to sit crying there?” was her father’s idea. “My dear Constance, I have come down, with much inconvenience to myself, to fetch you, and I hope you will be ready to return home with me to-morrow morning.”

Constance arose from her seat.

“No—I will *not* return with you to-morrow—I will not leave her till—oh! mother, mother!” she cried, flinging herself on the corpse, “what can I do without you!”

“You wish to remain till after the funeral?” said her father. “Well, perhaps ’tis

natural, but by no means compulsory, as she was no relation in blood. However, my dear, we won't begin with a difference of opinion ; I will go down and remain at the little inn, and you will see that all is done, as soon as it decently can be accomplished. I don't see the necessity for mourning."

"I do," said Constance.

"But if you wish it very much," said the father, taking no notice of the interruption, "you may get what you please at the shop, and send in the bill to me," and Edward walked out of the room as if he had said a generous thing.

CHAPTER III.

“He ever spoke, and wrote just as he ought,
But never reached one high or generous thought.”

POPE.

MR. RIVERS, as I have stated, walked away with an air of satisfaction in his countenance, resulting from the consciousness that he should be considered a generous man by his daughter, and the few people who surrounded her. He went to the small hotel and ordered his dinner and bed, for he would not have liked his juxtaposition with death, could he have obtained either, at Boscobel. He awoke on the following morning with a feeling of irritation against Constance, for being the cause of his detention

in Cornwall ; and a thought passed through his mind, whether he might obtain any respectable person to escort his daughter to London, leaving her to follow him. Then through his mercantile brain ran quick calculations of the double expense imposed by such a course, and he hesitated about adopting it. Perhaps some townswoman might be going up, and would take charge of Constance without any difficulty—at any event he might make inquiries.

After his breakfast he strolled out, and unconsciously took the old familiar road towards the bridge, which stood opposite to what he and Lilian had called “the bower of roses by Bendemeer’s stream.” He leaned over the grey stone parapet, and looked at the glancing waters which had so often reflected his form and Lilian’s. Half covered by yellow and white lichen were her initials, which on one idle summer even-

ing he had hollowed out by repeated strokes of his knife. He turned towards the cottage, and felt that he longed for the welcome he had once received within that lowly porch. The verbena had climbed higher, the roses and honeysuckle, and the star-like blooms of the myrtle passed the upper windows and adorned the thatch; but strange footsteps passed in and out, and looks which gave no response to his. His dream of a life passed with Lilian had been broken as completely as the bubble blown by the child, gorgeous in rainbow colours, subsides into common soap and water at the touch of his finger.

“Ah! well, I was but a boy then, and a fool, of course—I have more sense and experience now, and know what it is to look after the main chance. This poor girl will be a terrible log—very beautiful, though—get her off my hands as soon as I can—the

women won't give her much peace, nor me either, so long as she is in the house. I was a fool to marry so young; but, then, one cannot always be wise—other people may be foolish too," said he, thinking of Constance's beauty; and his memory wandered to a wealthy alderman of his acquaintance, who might like a young wife as lovely as Constance, and he made a memorandum to ask him to dinner so soon as he got home. It was true that he was coarse in person, and weak in intellect, but he was a good connection in the mercantile world. Constance ought to be glad of such a wealthy match.

Men seem to think that their sex should have a monopoly in acts of folly as regards matrimony. Constance's inclinations, or the reverse, should not be consulted.

Letters which arrived by the afternoon post, following him from London, determined him to return without waiting for Constance ;

so he called on her, and informed her of the necessity, and promised her to send his footman to escort her to London. She saw that she was expected to be grateful, and expressed due thanks. She had no love for her father, for she felt little gratitude for the bare gift of existence, which had not been a happy one ; or for the grudging allowance, which had scarcely repaid her foster-mother for her board and clothing. Her heart seemed scared when that kind woman was laid in the earth ; and Constance, on the day following, was placed in a first-class carriage by the grave London footman, who took his place in the second class.

CHAPTER IV.

“Love seizes us suddenly, without giving us warning, and our disposition or our weakness favours the surprise—one look at, one glance from the fair determines us.”

LA BRUYÈRE.

CONSTANCE travelled alone for some time.

She had followed her inclination in ordering deep mourning, and her beautiful face was concealed by a thick crape veil, which, being thrown back so as to be doubled, hung down and concealed all but the rounded chin. So long as the daylight continued, Constance was content; but as it grew towards twilight, she became nervous, and when the footman, on the stopping of the train at one of the stations, came and silently touched his hat, to inquire if she wanted anything,

she leant towards him, and said tremulously—

“James, are there plenty of people in your carriage?”

“Yes, miss—plenty.”

“Oh! James, I should like to go there too.”

“Could not be thought of, miss—master would never get over it.”

His daughter travelling second class indeed!

“Oh! James, could you not come and sit here, I’m so afraid?”

James was an elderly man, bound to a wife who was carefully secreted from his master’s knowledge; but he simpered at this proposition—

“No, miss, it cannot be—’tis against nature that a footman should travel with his young misses. I’ve took my ticket second class, and master won’t pay it if I change it.”

He looked at the other first-class carriages, but they were full. "You won't take no harm," he continued, patronizingly—"I'll look to ye whenever the train stops."

So Constance sat down again, flushed and mortified at having made a proposition which had been considered absurd, if not improper.

At the next station a gentleman got in. The train had only stopped a few minutes, and it was too dark for him to distinguish anything but a heap of black in the further corner. He did not trouble himself to find out the sex of the other occupant of the carriage, but arranged his wrapper comfortably.

"Man or woman, I wonder?" were his thoughts. "If a man, I may smoke; if a woman, I need not know her sex, and being alone she probably won't complain."

So he lit his cigar. At the next station the gas flung its sudden light on every object

clearly. Constance had shrunk into the furthest corner, trying to diminish her size, and hung her head to conceal the small portion of her face which might possibly peep out. A mortal terror possessed her. Her companion, in the meantime, observed her figure, slender, and youthful, and shrinking. The gentleman—for society accorded him that rank—was tall and well-built. His fair hair curled in waves of soft gold over his rather depressed forehead. His whiskers were long and red, as was his moustache, which half-cealed a projecting sensual mouth, thick-lipped and large. His eyes, originally blue, were partly closed by their tumid lids, which, as well as the blood-shot eyeballs, bespoke indulgence, if not intemperance. He was about thirty-five years of age. He took out his Bradshaw. “Half an hour before we reach the next station—plenty of time to begin, and make an acquaintance.”

And he arose, and leaving his place, seated himself by the side of his companion, from whom no compartment in the carriage separated him. Some little time afterwards, a gentleman asleep in the next carriage heard something knocking against the window, and letting it down caught the end of a parasol, and heard piercing cries for "Help! help!" from a female voice. The lady, for it was Constance, was leaning out of the carriage window, so as to be in danger of falling. The gentleman shouted to the guard, but with no chance of being heard. Then he climbed out of the window of his carriage, and stepped along the ledge till he reached her.

"What is it? What is hurting you?"

"Oh! help!" repeated the girl, giving no explanation; but the gentleman heard brutal oaths from the other occupant of the carriage. "Take me out!" said Constance,

breathlessly. "Let me stand where you are!"

"Better not—better wait—the train is slackening its speed—it will stop in a few minutes."

Constance leant her head on the gentleman's arm heavily. She had fainted. Now the offender was on the side of the carriage nearest to the platform; when the train stopped, he called a porter, and, stepping out, was lost in the darkness, whilst Constance's new acquaintance was busy in supporting her and calling for assistance. He was on the side of the carriage furthest from the platform, and he could get no one near him, and feared that Lily would fall and hurt herself if he let her go.

At length he dropped her gently, and ran along the ledge of the carriages till he rounded the last, and climbing on to the platform gave an alarm—

"Lady ill!"

“Which carriage, sir?” said a porter indifferently; “train only waits three and half minutes here, sir—better get in—fresh air will revive the lady.”

The gentleman ran on; he had counted the carriages, and found Constance lying where he had dropped her. He sprang in, the door was slammed by the porter, and the journey continued, giving Constance every advantage of “fresh air” from the velocity of the train, and with this time a man of honour and humanity as her companion.

Sir Eustace Yorke—for so he was called—raised Constance up, untied the strings of her bonnet, seated her by his side, and turned her pale face to meet the wind. Her bonnet, thus released, fell off, and her rich dark hair fell dishevelled on her shoulders and bosom. Blue shadows surrounded her lids, her nostrils looked pinched and contracted,

her mouth slightly open and colourless, yet the form of the oval face was perfect, and the eyelashes, thickly fringing the purple lids, dark as death.

Sir Eustace was a soldier, and had often pressed his fingers on the fluttering pulse of a wounded or sinking comrade, but had never before manipulated so delicate a wrist. She lay with her head supported on his breast, as she recovered her senses slowly, and fixed her eyes with vague terror on his, when they renewed their speculation. Then she withdrew herself with instinctive modesty from his supporting arm, and sunk back in the carriage.

“That scoundrel!—I wish I could have caught him,” he exclaimed, impetuously. “Should you recognize him if you saw him again? Could you swear to his person?”

Sir Eustace had seen no one, but from Constance’s cries, and from the oaths he had

heard, he knew that a man had been the aggressor.

“No, I do not know him—I could not swear to him!” sobbed Constance, who was not speaking truth, and knew it; but her school of morality had not been a strict one, and when a lie was more convenient than the truth, she lied; but the look of earnestness in the face of her companion made her ashamed of the falsehood—“besides,” she stammered, “I should not like—if I could identify him—in a court of justice—it would be so—shocking!” and a beautiful flush arose over her lovely face, and pleaded for forbearance.

“I can understand your reluctance,” said her companion; “but really such ruffians ought to be punished, and the natural objection which a modest woman has to make such a charge ought not to defeat the ends of justice. But surely you are too

young and too"—“beautiful” was the word on his tongue, but he changed it into “too helpless to travel alone.”

“My father’s footman is somewhere in the train—in a second-class carriage,” said Constance, hurriedly; and she was glad that her new friend should think that she was cared for by some one.

“Not much use there,” said her new acquaintance; “but it is a comfort that you are safe, and recovering. Do you expect any friends to meet you at the terminus, or is this useful footman to escort you home?”

“I don’t know,” said Constance. “I have never been in my father’s house since I was a week old.”

And then she told Sir Eustace how she had lived with her foster-mother in an old country-seat in Cornwall, and how dreary she felt at the death of her protectress. This she said simply, in answer to questions

put by Sir Eustace. She seemed to have no idea of enlisting his sympathies, nor to care particularly for the interest his manner showed in the narration. She seemed possessed by a settled sorrow, which gave a plaintive expression to those downcast and deeply-shadowed blue eyes.

The train stopped at length, and the demand for the tickets indicated that they were near the end of their journey. When this took place, the footman came to the door of the carriage, and announced that his mistress's carriage had come to meet Miss Rivers.

"Allow me to conduct you," said Sir Eustace, and they followed the man to where the carriage stood. The footman held his arm, and Constance stepped into the presence of her father's wife and her sisters-in-law.

Sir Eustace gave a hurried glance at the

occupants of the carriage. He saw the coarse face of the mistress, and those of her daughters, only less developed, and sighed to think of the association to which his new acquaintance would be exposed. He feared, too, that they looked ill-tempered, though, as he took off his hat and bowed, to propitiate them towards their young relative, they smoothed their sullen brows as swiftly as circumstances permitted, and bowed graciously in return. Sir Eustace could not see the termination of his acquaintance with Constance without a struggle to continue it.

“May I be permitted to call and inquire after the health of Miss Rivers? Her journey must have been a fatiguing one.”

“Certainly—much honoured,” said Mrs. Rivers, as Sir Eustace presented his card. “*We* live at No. —, Hanover Square,” said Mrs. Rivers.

Sir Eustace bowed again, and with one stealthy look at Constance, *that last look which always betrays so much*, he retreated, and the carriage rolled away. With him departed the sunshine from the face of the mother and her daughters.

CHAPTER V.

“Woe is me that I am compelled to dwell in Meleck, and have my habitation among the tents of Kedar.”

Psalms.

“YOU seem to have picked up a fine beau on your travels, Miss Rivers. Pray did you come all the way from Cornwall with him?”

Constance explained that he had only come a short distance with her in the same carriage, and said nothing of the circumstances that had led to their acquaintance.

The females took a deliberate survey of Constance's mourning. They were in mourning for the deceased Mrs. Cheek, the mother of Mrs. Rivers, and, as she had no money to leave, the mourning was less superb than

the ladies wished it to be. Mr. Rivers's axiom, that "no one should mourn for those who did not leave enough to purchase a pocket-handkerchief to wipe away the tears that should be shed," had not been completely, but very nearly acted on. Old mourning had been made to try to look "as good as new," in which sad attempt it never succeeds, and the ladies cast surly looks askant at Constance's fresh mourning, which showed to advantage her slender, faultless proportions.

"I wonder what she gave for her new gloves, ma?" said the youngest.

"Ask her, mum," said Miss Charlotte.

"What did you give for your gloves, Miss R.?" said the mother.

"I really do not know. My father, Mr. Rivers, ordered the mourning to be sent. I did not see the bill."

"Umph!" said the lady.

“I think papa might give *us* new gloves. I’m sure *we* want them badly enough.”

“Hush !” said the mother. “Pray why did you order *brown-black* bombazeen ? I believe the person for whom you are in mourning was no relation. Such an affectation ! I’m sure blue-black would have been much better !”

“My foster-mother was not indeed related to me by birth, but she was the dearest friend I ever had, and I loved her better than anyone else in the world. There are some who are ‘more than kin and less than kind,’ ” said Constance, with some spirit.

“I shall inform your father, Miss Rivers, of your filial feelings of love and gratitude,” retorted the lady.

“As you please,” said Constance, inclining her head.

“I suppose I *shall* do as I please, without the permission of such—” and the conclu-

sion was whispered in the ears of her daughters, "an impudent hussy as *that* !"

Constance was silent during the rest of the drive, seeming to look out on the various shops, with their variety of attractions, but she saw nothing but the housekeeper's room, now untenanted, where she had passed her life by Patty's side ; and the remembrance of that kind woman's tenderness made her eyes fill with tears—a sign of sensibility which Mrs. Rivers considered as a proof that the girl was going to "knock under," as she informed Miss Charlotte in a whisper.

Mr. Rivers had not returned when they reached home, and Constance was shown to her small room at the top of the house, which looked out on the leads and a wilderness of smoky chimneys. She was to be sole occupant, however, and there was comfort in that. She sat down, rather out of breath from the unusual ascent, for at Boscobel the

old staircases were gently inclined, with a lordly disregard of the space required for their construction. As she sat, she contemplated the washing-stand, with its small bit of common soap, and its meagre supply of towels. There was nothing else to look at, excepting the ugly brown and yellow stripes on the paper ; but dull and uninviting as was the prospect, it was less so than the unfriendly faces which would greet her descent. She looked about for her portmanteau, feeling that it was her only relic of home now—of her lost home ; but it had not been brought up, and Constance could find no bell. She went down, and discovered it in the hall, and, too timid to ring for help, she dragged it slowly and breathlessly to her den, meeting Mrs. Rivers on the second flight, who told her that she was living amongst ladies *now*, and must not demean herself with such servants' work.

Her wish to be independent of help had induced her to order her dresses to be made to fasten in front, so that she had no occasion to ask aid of the lady's-maid, whose services were in constant requisition by the mother and her daughters. When dressed in her low mourning dinner-dress, she looked so brilliantly fair and so beautiful, that her father started at seeing her enter the drawing-room before dinner, and, with some show of tenderness, came forward to embrace her.

This feeling of admiration and nascent affection was observed with rancour by Mrs. Rivers, who saw with vexation how clumsy in person, and thick and muddy in complexion, were her own girls by the side of the new comer.

“You are the eldest,” said her father, who, after helping his wife to fish, inquired if Constance would eat any.

“Oh ! yes, Constance is older than we are,” chorused the girls, spitefully ; “she is quite welcome to the dignity of being helped before us.”

“Not so very old, notwithstanding,” said her father, good-naturedly ; “only about eighteen, I think, so you need not blush for your age, Miss Rivers.”

Constance was blushing, but from what mingled feelings none could know. She was left to eat her dinner, or to leave it uneaten, for the stream of conversation was of persons of whom Constance knew nothing. Not much trouble had been taken to cultivate Constance’s natural quickness of intellect, and she would have been puzzled to have been required to talk abstractedly, could her new relations have led to such subjects ; but they could not. Mr. Rivers had sought neither cultivation, intellect, nor beauty in his second choice. I am not sure he was not right in

limiting his requirements to so many thousands in the three per cents, for on that subject there could be neither disappointment nor delusion when the sum was once ascertained.

CHAPTER VI.

“ The flower transplanted to ungenial soil
 Droops its sad head, with petals pale, though folded,
 And flings weak tendrils to the biting air,
 Craving support—no friendly branches near.”

ANON.

READER, did you ever observe a young pullet turned into a strange farmyard? It tries to walk about as if it were unnoticed, in mortal terror all the time of the old hens, who sweep about with wings drooping over broods of well-cared for chickens—of half-grown, lively fowls, who run eagerly to any slight disturbance in the earth which may indicate a buried worm, and give a vicious peck at the stranger as they pass—of that stately black Spanish

bird, a spinster seemingly, and more spiteful, therefore, who drives the poor pullet before her, and will not let her consort with any member of the farmyard. If you have witnessed this, you may have some idea of Constance's life at George Street.

When she came down to breakfast, from natural politeness, she said, "Good morning" to the company generally—a piece of civility to which no one responded. Mr. Rivers had his bald head bent over the *Times*, Mrs. Rivers was making the tea, the two girls never lifted their heads from their plates. One of those sickening London loaves stood in the centre of the table, denuded of crust at the four sides, where it had been baked in juxtaposition with many neighbours; a rack of dry toast, containing just enough for the company in the number of slices, with the exception of Constance—this made the whole of the breakfast. Constance

drew the loaf towards her, seeing the toast rack emptied by eager fingers, cut a small slice from the untempting block of bread, but she could not eat it—it seemed like trying to masticate sponge. She gave it up, and drank hastily part of the weak, creamless tea served to her by her step-mother.

“You haven’t been accustomed to such tea as that in Ctownwall?”—Constance bowed—“made of Thames water.”

Constance started, and set down the half-emptied cup.

“Well?”—interrogatively.

“You cannot mean, madam, that the tea is made of water from the Thames as it is in this neighbourhood?”

“Yes, it is,” said the lady—“the best water in the world for making tea—so soft!”

“No less than seven bodies were drawn out of the river yesterday, in various stages

of decomposition," said Mr. Rivers, reading from the *Times*, not hearing or attending to the conversation going on.

Constance said nothing, but begged for a little milk, emptying the remainder of the tea into the slop-basin.

"You can have as much as I kept for your second cup," said Mrs. Rivers; "but milk is dear in London, and what we buy, dear as it is, is half water."

"None, thank you," said Constance.

Mrs. Rivers had unconsciously hit on an effectual plan for preventing Constance from drinking milk. Constance had been the darling of Patty Penrose, whose means, though not abundant, had sufficed to procure simple indulgences for her adopted daughter, who had been to a degree spoilt and unfitted for a different mode of life. Milk, cream, fresh eggs, vegetables and fruit, preserves and honey, had always been abundant in her

Cornish home. She was a water-drinker, and enjoyed the cold, fresh, sparkling draught from the deep wells at Boscobel, and thought with dismay with what fluid she must relieve her thirst in London.

“What do you drink at luncheon and dinner?” she asked timidly.

“Beer for luncheon—beer and wine for dinner,” said Mr. Rivers snappishly; “everybody does!”

Constance remembered that she had an apple in her travelling-bag, and waited till breakfast was concluded to return to her room and eat it. “That crude apple that diverted Eve” was probably more appetizing, and, it is to be hoped, more “sweet in the mouth,” however bitter in digestion, to our first parent. Constance was still hungry, and hoped for better things at luncheon-time; but it was not ten o’clock, and how to get through the hours till one was a puzzle. Her father

relieved her from the difficulty in some degree.

“Here are some silk handkerchiefs I bought yesterday, Constance—let me see how you can hem them,” and he tossed the bundle to her.

She took them cheerfully.

“Certainly, papa.” When Mr. Rivers had departed, she said to her mother-in-law, who was standing by, “Could you be so good as to give me some ingrained scarlet thread or silk? I have nothing but black and white reels of cotton.”

Mrs. Rivers said she would inquire if her maid had any—then that she would buy some cotton when she went out in the carriage after luncheon.

“Is there no shop in the neighbourhood where I could procure some myself, by walking?”

Her mother-in-law rejoined with a sneer

“that *ladies* did not walk alone in London, and that the footmen could not be spared to attend her.”

Thus balked, Constance carefully refolded the handkerchiefs, and put them aside with a sigh—she had wished to please her father by hemming them before he returned from the City, and she did not now know how otherwise to employ herself. She strolled into the drawing-room; the youngest, Jane, was seated stately at a table in the inner room, with Italian grammar and dictionary before her—pens, paper, ink, and a copy of that sickly bygone Italian romance, “*I Promessi Sposi*.” She was awaiting the arrival of her Italian master. A harp was in a corner of the largest drawing-room—a grand piano on one side of it. Constance had seen a small one at school, but her education had not extended to *extras*, and she knew nothing about music. She put the tip of

her finger on one of the keys, but started at the sound, as Miss Jane asked her if she was “fond of music?”

Constance did not know—she supposed the singing of the charity children in church could not be called music—if that was music she thought it very tiresome, and if the verses were to be got through as a part of devotion, she did not see why they should not be read, which might be done much quicker, and without the irksome repetition of the last line.

“Then,” said Miss Jane, “I suppose you do not like going to church?”

Constance considered for a moment.

“I think I like best to sit on a stile on Sunday afternoons, and look down the lovely valleys, and see the people going to church—the men in their smock frocks, and the women in their red cloaks. Then the village bells sound very like beautiful music,

and sometimes a funeral train winds along amongst the trees, the people singing their hymns as they go. I like those sounds.

Miss Jane determined to astonish her new sister-in-law by a performance very different from this, consisting of the execution of Violli's Concerto in G on the piano; but the announcement of the Italian master put a stop to the proceeding.

Constance found an illustrated volume on the table, with which she amused herself. The youngest girl and her mother did not appear till the luncheon-bell rang. Constance was very hungry, but her distaste to the bread and butter was fresh in the mind. There was a small triangular piece of cold rice pudding, the bread and butter and some beer—that was all. Mrs. Rivers helped herself to the whole of the pudding—the girls to some bread and butter.

“May I have some cheese?” said Constance, whose dislike of the viands extended to the butter.

“We never eat cheese excepting at proper times,” said Miss Jane, sternly.

“When is that?” said Constance, simply.

“After dinner, of course.”

The footman who had escorted Constance from Cornwall heard all, and felt a relenting of pity towards the strange girl.

“Miss,” he whispered, as Constance, unable to eat, left the dining-room, “if you’ve got sixpence to spare, I’ll step out and get you some biscuits.”

Constance, flushed with shame and pleasure, and by the good-nature of James, made a hearty, though frugal meal. After luncheon a consultation was carried on in secret between Mrs. Rivers and her eldest daughter, and it was determined to send out Constance and Miss Charlotte in the carriage, whilst the

other two ladies sat up dressed in the drawing-room, to receive Sir Eustace Yorke, if he called.

Constance did not rebel. Sir Eustace had been very kind, but it could be no great pleasure to see him in the presence of those who would be sure to inflict some slight, or “snub,” on her, which would have added effect by being done or said in the presence of a stranger. So the ladies arranged the drawing-room in a style of elegant negligence, which seemed to consist of piling the centre table with ornaments and photograph-books, till not an inch was left vacant. Mrs. Rivers sat on a sofa on one side of the fire-place, and Miss Jane on the other. The two ladies spread the ample folds of their dresses over the couch, and looked at each other critically.

“Oh! mamma,” said Jane, “those cherry ribbons in your cap—they are

really—they make you look—like—a house-keeper !”

“ Well, *I* thought they was becoming,” said the lady, rather nettled; “ but I’ll put on the pale pink, if you like.”

“ Grey is best, ma, for your—a—complexion—I mean,” said the dutiful daughter, correcting herself.

“ And as we are speaking our minds, Jane,” continued Mrs. Rivers, “ your dress is too tight in the waist; it pushes your shoulders to your ears.”

“ Really, mamma, it is very unpleasant to tell me that now, when I can’t change the dress. It makes one feel so awkward to be told so, just as one is expecting company, and thinking one looks nice.”

“ Ah ! well ! Stephens can let it out under the arms a little another time. I hope the young man means to come—’tis getting on to three o’clock.”

She yawned, suffering under an inclination to an afternoon nap, but remembered the new head-dress, and sat bolt upright.

“No one knows what I undergo for the sake of my children, and they are not overgrateful!” she meditated. “Is Stephens getting on with those handkerchiefs?” after a pause.

“Yes, to be sure, mum. I’ve taken care that they shall be done before pa comes back.”

So they sat, and started at every knock and ring at the bell. At length James was heard ascending the stairs. Miss Jane’s dull skin flushed to a purple tint in expectation. The mother assumed an air of added dignity, when, instead of the aristocratic figure of Sir Eustace, a little weedy-legged youth swung himself into the room with a look of good-humoured assurance, resulting from

the usually kind welcome these ladies had formerly vouchsafed to him.

“Dear me! ’tis *you*, then, Mr. Mag,” said Jane, sinking down again into her seat, from which she had risen in expectation.

“Yes, ’tis *me*!” said the ungrammatical youth. “What’s up? Best silks on! Ten and six the yard, *I* know! But I thought you was in mourning for the old lady?”

“My mourning,” with a heavy sigh, “was *up* yesterday,” said Mrs. Rivers. “My dear mother says in her last illness—‘Charlotte,’ says she, ‘conform to the times—you’ve dooties to society, my dear—six months is plenty for you and the dear girls to mourn. You must harrow your own feelings for the sake of society, and mourn for me in whatever colour is fashionable.’ Says I—‘Mother, we will!’ It hurts our feelings,” continued the lady, “but we do our dooty.”

Mr. Theophilus Mag heard this account

with sundry winks and nods of approbation. The winks were at Jane, the nods at Mrs. Rivers.

“You thought *I* should drop in to-day,” said Theophilus, with a languishing look at Miss Jane.

“Well! if you will have the truth,” said Jane, “we were expecting Sir Eustace Yorke every moment.”

“My eye! he *is* a swell! and no mistake—that’s what the dresses mean, then,” said Mr. Mag. “I am thick with his mother, Lady Yorke. Magnificent woman! lots of tin—looks tenderly on your humble servant—but no—never sell myself for filthy pelf. I know where my heart’s engaged.”

Another wink.

“So you know Lady Yorke?” said Mrs. Rivers, curiously.

“Intimately—hand and glove.”

Mr. Theophilus Mag, after taking a five-

shillings' worth in the gallery of the opera, had seen Lady Yorke step into her carriage, and inquired her name of the box-keeper. A foundation sufficient for Mr. Mag's superstructure.

"How long have you known Sir Eustace?"

"Some time," said Jane, coming up to her mother's assistance.

"Oh! some time! Indeed! I wonder I have never met him here," said the credulous youth, who began to fear he had not been asked to some "swell" parties given by the Rivers.

"You shall be asked to meet him the next time he dines here," said Mrs. Rivers, sweetly; for Mag *Père* was well to do, and Theophilus was his eldest son.

Jane, in the meantime, was uneasy lest the new acquaintance should come whilst Mr. Mag remained, and every sound at the front

door made her turn sick with apprehension. She looked with disgust at the conspicuously gigantic stripe in each leg of his gay trousers; at his canary waistcoat, and purple and crimson tie. He was a very short man, and, seemingly fearful of being overlooked in the world, he tried to compel attention to his person by a tasteless mixture of colours, to add importance to a turned-up nose and freckled face.

Still, had he been content to remain tranquil, and sit in the shadowed part of the drawing-room, it might not have been so bad; but Jane feared that Sir Eustace should hear discussed before her the last news about Anonymas, and their arrangements, with which *fi-fi* conversation Theophilus was in the habit of regaling her mother and herself, interspersed with boasts of being intimate with those worthy ladies himself.

Jane got up, and moved uneasily about the room, in order to give their guest a hint to depart; but he was too determined to have an introduction to Sir Eustace, to trouble himself to see her efforts to get rid of him.

At length she observed to Mrs. Rivers that it was getting late, and she thought Sir Eustace had probably been prevented coming then. With a lucky inspiration of genius, she added—

“I should so like you to have met, Mr. Mag, for as you know Lady Yorke so well, it would have been so pleasant to have something for you to talk to him about.”

Mr. Mag heard, and started—

“He was so sorry—he had just remembered an engagement—must say *ta ta*. Come again soon,” looking lovingly at Jane, whose face he nearly touched with his own in shaking hands with her. Then, with a leave-

taking scarcely less tender to Mrs. Rivers, he departed. Both ladies heaved a sigh of relief, and readjusted their silk folds to catch the light becomingly, but in vain. Sir Eustace did not come.

Constance found her companion silent, and as she had not much to observe, their conversation was confined to monosyllables. She had her veil doubled over her face as usual ; but from under its fold she looked out on the stream of carriages and equestrians passing, till she was weary of the crowd of faces, amongst whom she knew no one. The carriage was open, and she was half wishing that the order “turn,” so unceasingly given, might be changed for “home,” when a delicate gloved hand was placed on the window, and a voice which Constance recognised “hoped she had recovered the—” he hesitated—“fatigues of her journey.”

She flushed, and answered hurriedly, with

a glance at her companion, that she was "quite well;" and then thinking she was ungracious, she added that she could not be sufficiently grateful for his kindness during the period of her travelling in his company. She looked again quickly at Miss Charlotte, and Sir Eustace understood that she wished nothing to be said of the incident which had brought them together. With quick tact he understood that she would be more easy with her new relations if they were propitiated; and, after an eloquent look at Constance's beautiful face, he went round to the other side of the carriage, and made some trivial observations to Miss Charlotte, which delighted her so highly, that Constance feared she would writhe herself, snake-like, out of her seat, and nearly out of the carriage.

After riding by their side for a few minutes, Sir Eustace consulted the small Brequet in his waistcoat-pocket, and with a

polite but hurried bow galloped off.

His attentions to Miss Charlotte had “driven the black dog from her shoulders,” and she began to be very communicative to Constance.

“Lor, Constance, do you know they will be ready to *bust* themselves at home about us !”

“Indeed !” said Constance, who did not quite understand a prophecy so awful.

“Why, don’t you see *why* we was sent out ?”

“No.”

“Well, you *are* jolly green, or pretend to be. Why, that they should have Sir Eustace all to themselves when he called ; and now he’s seen *us*, I daresay he won’t call—sure not to call to-day. It makes me ready to hop out of the carriage with joy to think how done they will be. Ain’t he a stunner, though !—quite the cheese—

those gloves must a'been three-and-six or four shillings a pair, unless he bought a dozen at a time, and then he got 'um cheaper—and, lor ! isn't he handsome !”

Constance smiled faintly, and said she had not observed him much.

“Come, come,” said the lively girl, “none of your ‘mock modesty’ for me, upper crust of all impidence—most gals look at a handsome man when they get the chance, and you must have had a good 'un. Dismal dull, ain't you, with us at No. 36? Mamma wants to get Jane married, and that's why she's so cross that you're come home. Lor' love you, *I* know, though they think I don't understand.”

“I'm sure I did not want to come,” said Constance, with a quiver of her lip.

“'Spose not,” said Charlotte—“‘no place like home,’ the song says ; many places more agreeable, I should say.”

“I find ’tis hard,” said Constance, “to be in a house where no one speaks to me,” and she stopped, for she was afraid of weeping.

“Well, I’ll take to you fast enough when we are out of the way of the rest; but I should catch *toko* if I went with you against the rest, you know.”

“Catch what?” said Constance, thinking it was some infectious complaint.

“Oh! you’re so stupid—you never understand anything—get a blowing up, I mean.”

“Pray don’t expose yourself to any unpleasantness on my account,” rejoined Constance.

“I am not thinking of doing so,” said the young lady; “but if you wish for a quiet life, you had better say nothing of having seen Sir Eustace—I shall not mention it.”

“I suppose they will not inquire,” suggested Constance.

“Don’t matter—no is as easy to say as yes,” said the veracious damsel.

That evening Mrs. Rivers brought the handkerchiefs to her husband, as he was dressing for dinner, all neatly hemmed and marked.

“Did Constance do these?” he inquired, pleased at the attention to his wishes.

“No, Mr. Rivers,” said his lady, impressively; “I reminded Miss Rivers of your wishes, but she made so many excuses about having no cotton to hem them, that I allowed Jane to do them. Dear child! she has been at work all day to get them done, whilst Miss Constance has been gadding about in the park.”

Mr. Rivers looked vexed, but said nothing. After dinner he observed to Constance that he “was sorry she had not hemmed his hand-

kerchiefs—she seemed to have thought it too much trouble to please him in such a trifle.”

“Indeed, sir, I should have done it with pleasure, but I had no cotton.”

“Well, well, least said soonest mended,” said he; “they are done now, by some one more eager to oblige me.”

Constance was silent, too certain of not receiving justice in the presence of her step-mother, but she waited till the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, and then, stealing down softly, she returned to the table, where they had left Mr. Rivers, who was composed for his evening nap. Constance, too impetuous to seek for a more fitting time, rushed up, and throwing her arms round his neck, burst into a torrent of tears and words, sobbed out inarticulately.

“God bless my soul!” cried the sleeping

merchant, starting up—"not—not bankrupt?"

"Oh! papa, forgive me—it is only Constance. I only want to talk about myself."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Rivers, ashamed of having revealed his secret terror. "I hate to have my quiet nap disturbed, girl. I don't get too much peace—what is it?"

He spoke in an irritable tone, and Constance grew nearly unintelligible in her grief and terror lest she should offend.

"Indeed, papa, I wanted to do the handkerchiefs for you, but Mrs. Rivers said I could not have any coloured cotton; and I wanted to go out and get some, but she said ladies did not walk alone, and I could not have the footman to walk, and—and I bought some cotton as I came from driving to do them," and she drew the reels from her pocket; and "oh! papa, I'm all alone

in the world!—if you do not love me, and stand up for me, what can I do?” and Constance flung her arms round her father’s neck, and wept bitterly.

“Hush! hush! my dear—that will do. There, sit down, there’s a good girl. I am a busy man—no time for nonsense, and I want to be quiet when I get home; you must try to be well with your mother.”

“Step-mother,” interposed Constance.

“Well” (testily), “your step-mother, then, and your step-sisters. You see you are but one out of three, and your poor mother wished you to live in the country with Patty, so I daresay you all feel strange together. You should think, my dear, that if you feel strange with them, it ain’t pleasant to have another person they don’t know come into the family, to be one of them, whether they like it or not.”

“Might I not go and live away some-

where, if they don't like me?" sobbed Constance—"in lodgings, perhaps."

"No," said her father—"you have been away too much; if you had always lived here this disagreeable feeling would probably have died off by this time. Make the best of it, Constance—remember your father will do you justice."

But a person who would do justice must be free from influences, and a man whose hours of leisure are spent with a woman of low cunning and malice is warped mentally, and consequently Constance's life was a wearing one.

CHAPTER VII.

“ O Father, I hear the sound of guns—
 O say what may it be?
 Some ship in distress that cannot live
 In such an angry sea. .

* * * * * *

“ And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land—
 It was the sound of the trampling surf
 On the rocks and the hard sea sand.
 The breakers were right beneath her bows,
 She drifts a dreary wreck,
 And a whooping billow sweeps the crew
 Like icicles from the deck.”

LONGFELLOW.

SOME time before my story begins, in the dusk of an autumn evening, a lady and gentleman were at an obscure village in Cornwall, whither they had gone for the sake of its seclusion. They had been six

years married, but had felt no decline of their first attachment. He was a rising barrister, who rejoiced now in leaving behind him all the perplexed thoughts connected with his profession, which, as he sometimes said, he placed upon a shelf with his law papers, and gave himself up for the few weeks of the vacation to light readings, and the society of his wife and child.

The latter was a boy of five years old, who at the time I relate was drawing through the door which led to the bed-room a towel horse, attached to a piece of twine. He had tied two pieces of ribbon of equal lengths to the side of the horse, and brought it in triumphantly with the announcement, "This is my horse—why, it *is* a horse!" (seeing a smile on the face of his parents), "I heard nurse call it a horse to-day." The towel horse in question had a double bar at

the top, and the child was about to mount astride, when his father remonstrated.

“Don’t you see that the horse will tip over if you put your foot in the stirrup?”

“Not if you hold this one on the other side, as John does when you get on *your* horse,” retorted the boy.

“If you ride that horse,” said his mother, “you will break your head.”

“Is not my head my own head, and may I not break it if I like?” said the child appealingly to his father.

“The law, my boy, decides that a man has no right to break his own head—it is considered an offence against the laws of society—unless he hazards his life to save that of another.”

“When I am a man I’ll break the law, and my head too, if I like.”

“Very true; wait till then,” said his mother. “If you cannot ride, you can

drive your horse by sitting on the arm of the sofa."

The boy accepted the compromise, and played till his nurse came to put him to bed.

"You have said frequently that you never saw a storm which could be fairly called a storm on the coast, Myra—I think you are satisfied now," said her husband, leaning his forehead against the window-pane. "Hark! how the sea dashes on the rocks!—men are staggering in the face of the wind—there are no women or children out—they could not stand without support; the seaweed is blown up in heaps against the houses in the village—the tamarisks broken off are swept round in circles with sticks and leaves torn from the stunted trees."

"The waves look grand at a distance!" said Myra; "how I should like to be on the jetty—close to them, yet safe!"

“Close to them, certainly; but I am not so clear about the safety,” said her husband. “The storm is increasing.”

“It must be high water,” said Myra, “judging by the line to which the waves have reached.”

Her husband looked at his pocket-book.

“It wants yet an hour of the right time. Hark! what was that dull sound?”

“I heard nothing.”

“Yes, there must be something—look at the fishermen running towards the sea!”

“Oh! Edward, let us go out and see the storm from the jetty!”

He looked at her.

“Tie your hair tight under a handkerchief—a hat or bonnet would be blown off—put on your yachting jacket, and we will try to reach the jetty. Crossing the village will probably be the worst part—we shall probably be blown a good distance inland.”

On descending the stairs one of the servants entreated them to go out at the back of the house—it would be more sheltered for them; and besides, if the front door were once opened, the difficulty of shutting it again would be great.

Before they reached the jetty, Myra was drenched by the spray which was driven in from the crests of the waves. It was situated at the opposite side of the cove from that on which their small house stood, and they had had to reach it by going circuitously round the head of the valley—Myra being so light that her husband feared the wind would lift her off her feet had she attempted to cross at once.

The little village of Cove Cross was supposed to have derived its name from a crucifix rudely sculptured in grey stone, which, raised on a lofty pedestal, had once surmounted the highest rock of one of the

crescents of a bay on the north coast of Cornwall. The Cross was now partly overthrown, but the remains made a picturesque object, clustered over, as it frequently was, by the sea-gulls, who seemed, by their melancholy cries, as they congregated there, to moan over the ship-wrecked dead, of whose fate *they* only could have told the tale. The cliffs thus surmounted were high, dark, and rugged; and the beach, from which they rose almost precipitately, was composed partly of yellow sand and partly of grey pebbles.

To give some protection to the few vessels which the hope of traffic drew to Cove Cross, a jetty had been thrown out on one side of the bay, between which and the dark hollow cliff they might ride at anchor with comparative safety. This pier, projecting some considerable way into the sea, rose high above it, and constituted in fine weather

Myra's favourite walk. The side next the basin was unprotected by rails, but on that next the open sea they rose breast high, and extended about halfway along the pier. To these Edward supported Myra, and placed her where she could cling to them whilst she contemplated the sublime scene before her. The sky was dark, and showed the crests of the billows more ghastly white. Evening, too, had closed in, and in the fissures of the ragged clouds the moon poured forth a tremulous light, suddenly shown, and as capriciously withdrawn, as the blast hurried masses of black vapour over the wild sky. In one of these intervals of light, a small vessel was seen driving before the gale, and Myra heard again the dull sound of the minute-gun which had attracted her attention before she left the house, but the sequence of which she had lost in their inland circuitous walk.

This warning knell had collected crowds near the edge of the waves, which had beaten high above their unusual boundary, the beach, making that which was usually firm footing a boiling bed of water. A few men were on the pier.

“There it is again!” said an old sailor, as the minute-gun once more boomed across the tempest. “Poor fellows! they are wanting a pilot. The de’il a bit of a pilot will they get to-night!”

“Can nothing be done for them?” said Edward, anxiously. “Will they be driven on the shore?”

“Nothing but God’s will can save them,” said the veteran, removing his quid indifferently from one side of his mouth to the other. “As she is driving now, she will strike on the Cow and Calf, and if she escapes them, she may run on to the sunk rocks on the beach, nearer shore,

and go to pieces. That's the best chance for the men. The ship must go, any way."

"The Cow and Calf" were two isolated rocks of different sizes, the largest of which seemed to bear some resemblance to the animal after which it had been named. Myra shuddered, and clung closer to her husband's arm. The sea washed over the greatest part of the pier, and boiled and eddied over into the dark mass of waters in the basin which looked more terrible to Myra from the absence of foam. The waves were so gigantic, black, and sullen as they rose and fell as high as the jetty, and threatened to rise above it.

"Let us go back, dear!" she said.

But just then a sound was heard, in the pauses of the wind, from the men on the beach. A mingled cry, and yell, and groan—

“She’s struck!—she’s struck.”

And then the sudden “sh-ss!” that men make when holding their breath.

“Any ropes?” asked Edward.

The men on the jetty pointed to several coils.

“Bless you!” they shouted (for nothing under a shout could be heard), “ropes are no use now—see how the waves curl under—a man washed in would have his life beaten out of him before he could catch hold of a rope. Belike you don’t know these parts, sir.”

The tumbling billows shook the solid masonry of the pier. Edward clasped his wife round the waist.

“We can do no good, my love. I will take you home, and come out again when you are safe in bed.”

“Oh! no, no, I cannot go in yet!” she exclaimed: which meant—I cannot have you

out here, whilst I am under shelter—"let me stay."

So they stayed.

The moon shining out now showed the vessel dismasted, and struck on the isolated rock in the distance. The rising and falling waters glimmering in her rags, were blackened by pieces of the mast, spars, and what seemed, alas! to be human beings struggling with death in those suffocating billows. Several pieces were washed towards the shore, and to these men seemed to be clinging.

"The tide is still advancing," said Edward, "surely if, when they approach nearer, and a strong man went in with a rope round him, he might aid one of those poor fellows, spent as they are from their efforts for life." An ah-h-h! was the only answer from the men. One was a stoutly-built fellow, of about twenty-eight or thirty years of age. "See!

see!" said Edward, seizing his arm and pointing. "There is one on the top of that wave—he is striking out bravely!"

"Wait till he comes to the breakers near shore," replied the man.

"I'll give you thirty pounds—fifty pounds, if you will go in with this rope round your body. Your mates and I will hold it, and draw you both out."

The man shook off his hand.

"'All that a man hath will he give for his life,' the Scripture says," replied the man, who was a Wesleyan. "Money would be no use to me if my head was dashed to a pap against them rocks."

"'Praps the gen'leman would like to go hisself," said the elder man, with a semblance of simplicity.

Myra hung heavily on Edward's arm at this scoffing proposition. The poor fellow swam on boldly till he came to the in-shore

breakers. One of these took him as if he had been a lump of seaweed, and curled him into its depths, from which, if he emerged, it was to be tossed, as lifeless as the weed, back on the far billows.

“Ah! this is dreadful!” exclaimed Edward, and as he spoke the waves bore onward a floating spar, to which something white was clinging or tied. “It is a woman or child,” cried he, as the face gleamed in the moonlight, when the wave lifted high its helpless burden.

The tide carried the spar past the point of the jetty, and, as all watched the quivering speck with bated breath, it was lifted over the point of the pier, and buried for an instant in the dark waters of the basin. After a pause it rose to the surface, and was severed from the spar. The fair young face of a girl glimmered for an instant in the moonlight, and the arms beat the waves

helplessly, seeming to seek for the friendly spar which had hitherto supported her.

“Myra, I must go,” said Edward, hurriedly. “Help! A rope!” he shouted, flinging off his coat and waistcoat, and Myra’s circling arms.

After it was knotted round his waist, he sprung head-foremost into the deep black boiling waves, towards where the white object gleamed a moment on their surface. Myra sunk on her knees and prayed. She dared not look on that awful caldron in which was engulfed her earthly happiness. A deep groan from the sailors made her open her eyes with horror. They held in their hands the broken end of the rope. How could any swimmer escape from that frightful pit of waters without aid—the steep cliff on one side, the smooth sides of the pier on the other? Myra gazed with dilated lids on that scene of horror; but

never again rose to the surface the body of her husband, or the white figure he had tried to rescue. To die with him was her only thought. She flung herself forward, but the old sailor had her in his arms.

“Avast, there!—there’s death enough for one day in the week!”

And grasping her insensible form, he carried her back to her home, where her pitying servants undressed her, and placed her by the side of her sleeping boy.

CHAPTER VIII.

“Some bold adventurers disdain,
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry.”

WHEN Myra Yorke recovered from the first stupor of her grief, she turned for consolation to the handsome spirited child, who was all that was left to her of her former happiness. Scarcely twenty-four years old, in the plenitude of her youth and beauty, she was sought by many suitors, who were rejected with the impatience of a grief which became indignation at the supposition that any one could take the place of her lost love. All her thoughts, all her aspirations, all her affections were

now centred in the boy. A weak mother might have tried to ally him to her occupations and amusements; Lady Yorke attempted the more difficult task of identifying herself with his.

A Catholic gentleman once avowed to his confessor some grave fault. The penance imposed was that for two days he should imitate every action of his little son, aged four. It seemed easy in anticipation, but before the end of the second day the weary father succumbed under the unwonted fatigue.

Perhaps Lady Yorke's devotion to her boy was greater, or had the charm of choice, for she never wearied of her labour of love. She played cricket untiringly, and put up with the company of young children of his own age, joining in all their sports, with dishevelled hair and torn dresses, to the despair of the maid and the astonishment of

other parents. She disliked all children but her own boy, yet for his sake she made herself so agreeable that they all but worshipped the beautiful lady who was so kind to them. She knew Eustace must go to school if he was ever to be possessed of the manly character which she coveted for him ; for with the best intentions, and with the greatest energy to carry them out, she did not suppose that she singly could take the place of the five hundred boys of different ages, with whom he would be placed in juxtaposition at Eton, or Winchester, or Harrow.

But there was one preparation she could make—she could teach him a little herself before they were separated ; and, knowing nothing of Latin or Greek, she began with a competent master the study of both languages, that whatever little she might convey to him might have the merit of correctness.

When, at eight years, little Eustace went to a preparatory school for Winchester, he knew enough to raise himself speedily to the top of the classes in which he had been placed; and the good grounding he had received from his mother he carried on through life, especially in geography and arithmetic—vulgar studies, considered below the dignity of the higher forms of public schools.

Little Eustace was content to use his amount of knowledge, without striving to increase it. He knew enough to get on without effort, and spent all the more time in the playground. Twice a week he knew that his mother expected to hear from him, and no temptation of play even induced him to neglect this duty.

His attention to his studies was respectable; but his disregard for his own safety was a constant source of contention between

himself and those under whose charge he was placed. If any daring feat was to be performed, little Yorke was always ready—sometimes he climbed the highest elm-trees, and clung like a monkey to some slender topmost bough, which, too frail to support him without risk, twisted and bent under his weight; sometimes he was lowered over the face of a cliff, by a rope, to look for eggs in the interstices of the rocks.

These exploits were not accompanied without intense nervous trepidation on the part of Eustace—a feeling not unusual in highly organized natures. On one occasion he was playing with a kitten, when a dog, who was equally the terror of the child and the cat, sprung into the room and rushed at the cat. Puss struggled and scratched, as terrified pussies will struggle and scratch, and Eustace got on a chair, and thence to a table, holding the kitten above his head,

and screaming violently for help. The dog barked and *looked*, and was very formidable ; but though white with terror, the boy never thought of abandoning his pet.

Myra observed his pale face and chattering teeth, and her heart sunk within her.

“ Will my boy be a coward ? ” was the thought that passed through her brain.

She knew not then that the highest order of courage is to see danger in all its bearings, and yet to surmount the dread of it. The following is the copy of a letter addressed by Eustace to his mother, when he was about ten years of age :—

“ DEAR MAMMA,

“ I am sorry to say I have been flogged for climbing, which I call a beastly shame. It was old Bandy, the second master, who peached. I mean to be even with him. Please to send me two more

balls such as you made for me—a good bit of cork in the middle, then India rubber, then lamb's wool, or Berlin is better, some good kid over the whole. Make them yourself—the ones Richardson made are not quite round. I want you to invite Ward Secundus and Edwards this Christmas, that we may have some jolly skating. I broke Dobree's watch, and please pay for it, ten shillings; you must stop my allowance for four weeks, and that will square it. The flogging wasn't so bad to feel, so don't fret. Your ever affectionate son,

“EUSTACE YORKE.”

The master wrote thus:—

“MADAM,

“I regret to state that I have been compelled to inflict corporal punishment on your son. Being confined to the sick-room for a sore throat, he climbed by a pipe out-

side the window to the lead gutter that goes round the roof, to which he clung by his hands, and, placing his feet against the wall, made the circuit of the house, only resting them occasionally on the mullions of the windows. Thus he was seen by Mr. Barder, the second master, who had sufficient presence of mind to utter no exclamation, and your son returned to the sick-room, by the same means he had used to escape from it. You will perceive, madam, that regard to his future safety called for the punishment I have considered it my duty to inflict, and which, I am happy to inform you, he bore in a manner which gave me a high opinion of his courage. I have the honour to remain, &c., &c."

Lady Yorke's answer was as follows:—

"SIR,

"I never interfere with the discipline

of your school, but it seems to me that you had better have followed a Royal example, and given Master Yorke a patent for his exploit—(alluding to Charles II. having given a man a patent for climbing outside to the top of St. Paul's). I have the honour, &c.,

“MYRA YORKE.”

On the following Sunday several boys were confined to the sick-room, and Eustace meditated revenge. There was a paved courtyard, through which the whole school passed to that part of the building appropriated to divine service, which had no other exit. In the courtyard were several taps of water connected with a large reservoir, for the use of the school. The descent into the yard was by several steps, so that it was in shape and depth like an empty tank.

As soon as the folks were all safe in church, whither the head master was most strict in sending *all* his household, Master Eustace crept down and set all the taps running. The service was a long one—the preacher more than usually eloquent or prosy, and before the congregation were released, the walk through which they had to pass was nearly three feet deep in water. The young gentlemen from the windows of the sick-room were ready to expire with laughter to see the master holding up his silk robes—the dismay of his portly lady, and that of all the young ladies, and most of all the odd gait of “old Bandy,” the second master.

But like the “mirth and laughter” followed by “sermons and soda-water the day after,” on the next day came vengeance. All the boys who had been absent from chapel were threatened with flogging, unless

they gave up the name of the culprit.

Each boy assured Yorke that he would never "peach," and told him to hold his tongue ; but Yorke walked firmly up to the head master, and proclaimed himself the offender.

The fault could not be overlooked ; and Yorke, his shoulders still sore and inflamed from the recent castigation, was subjected to punishment so severe, that the matron turned sick and fainted when she attempted to remove the bloody shirt from the raw surface to which it had adhered.

Lady Yorke a few days after received the following letter, anonymous :—

"MADAM,

"Your son has been cruelly punished for a boyish trick ; you had better see him yourself.

"YOUR UNKNOWN FRIEND."

Myra was walking up and down the room in painful perplexity, after she had received this, when the servant announced Master Yorke, and the boy entered, lame, and stooping forward as if in pain, with a hectic colour on his poor little face.

Myra sprung towards him and threw her arms round him; but he shrank aside with a little cry—the touch, though gentle, was more than he could bear.

“’Tis all right now,” said he feebly, seeing his mother turn very pale. “I should like to go to bed—I’ve run away—you see, I thought I’d had enough of it.”

Myra put him to bed, and applied some simple remedies to the burning skin, when he fell asleep with his hand in hers and a smile on his parted lips. When he awoke, he told her how the boys had said “it was an awful shame;” and the youngest ones had clubbed their shillings and sixpences to

pay his journey as far as they could. He had expended all this, and had walked the rest of the way without any food except what the turnip-fields had supplied.

Full of pity and indignation as Myra felt, she was at the same time much puzzled as to Eustace's future career. To send him back was not to be thought of, yet she perceived that he would enter Winchester at a disadvantage with this exploit attached to his name. Eustace decided the matter for himself.

“Mamma, I wish to go to sea!”

Poor Myra! She had decided in her own mind that her son should take the highest university honours, as his father had done.

“I had hoped, Eustace,” she began quietly and hesitatingly, “that you would have distinguished yourself at the university, as

your father did. I cannot tell you how much I have wished it."

"Oh! mother!" said the boy, with a look of distress. "I do so hate Latin and Greek!"

"Yet you have done very well, judging from your place in your class."

"Oh, yes! because I knew you wished it; but it was hard work, and Edward and De Vere could beat me if they tried, and I do so long to go into the Navy!"

"Supposing," said his mother, "I could get you a nomination, you would have a severe examination to undergo before you could be considered eligible as a naval cadet. An examination in which all your recent studies would be useless, and in which arithmetic would be one of the chief things needed; and of that, excepting the little taught you before you went to school, you know, I suspect, nothing."

“I could learn,” said the boy, gathering fresh hope from her eyes.

And Myra gave up her cherished aspirations in deference to his wish.

CHAPTER IX.

“ A valiant son springs from a valiant sire,
 Their race by mettle sprightly courses prove,
 Nor can the warlike eagle’s active sire
 Degenerate to form the timorous dove.

But education can the genius raise,
 And wise instruction native virtues aid,
 Nobility without them is disgrace,
 And honour is by vice to shame betrayed.”

LYLLETON.

ALL Myra’s energies were directed to obtain a nomination for her son, and this she had interest enough to obtain. Then he was to be prepared for his examination, and the poor lady who had in her youth declared that the rule of three was utterly incomprehensible, and that she *could* not understand it, and had flung aside the book

on arithmetic to rush to the less intricate study of thorough bass, now found that a strong will to instruct Eustace, made much clear to her which had appeared inextricable confusion.

The boy worked also. Every morning at six o'clock he was at his books, and he seemed in danger of diminishing his mental power by the too great tension of his brain. From the little dressing-room which her darling occupied, the mother could hear muttered exclamations, questions asked eagerly, and answered decidedly as to numbers and results, all proceeding from the busy head of her boy, whose mental faculties could not rest even in sleep.

A month before the final examination, Myra sent her boy to Portsmouth to finish his studies. He had not been there more than a few days when he returned. The house of the instructor was dirty, and the

man and his wife drank gin, he said, and he could not stay there.

“But do not vex yourself, mother. I will go back if you insist upon it; but really I know quite as much as is necessary.”

“Of that you cannot judge, Eustace. You must go back.”

“Very well, mother.”

He left the house at once, and travelled day and night. When he reached Portsmouth, he wrote to his mother to say that he should not wait for the March examination; but go in at once—on the next day, in fact. To this he had made up his mind when he left home. Myra was too far away to be able to stop what she considered so suicidal an act, so she could only await the result of the examination in intense anxiety.

“It was over,” Eustace announced. “I did a good many of the questions. I think I

must have passed. When I was coming out I saw Captain Waters, who said he knew papa. I begged him to tell you whether I was a sheep or a goat—for so they call the boys who come out from examination. He said he would tell you as soon as it was allowed, so I hope you will hear soon.”

The next post brought a letter from the worthy captain.

“DEAR MADAM,

“Do not alarm yourself—your son has passed a brilliant examination. He will have a month’s leave before he joins the ‘Victory.’”

Myra breathed a long sigh of relief on reading this; and soon Eustace returned with a beaming face, to fight his scholastic battles over again. Myra, in rejoicing with him, forgot the determination to act on his own responsibility, that had given her so

much anxiety. After all, he had calculated well, and the end crowned the deed.

How the mother's eyes sparkled when she saw him first in his uniform! How beautiful she thought him!—whilst he cared nothing for his looks, but was occupied in wiping the least possible suspicion of dimness from his new dirk. How he loved this small dagger!—covered it with silver paper, and then with his silk handkerchief, and placed it under his pillow at night.

As the month drew to its conclusion, Myra applied for an extension of leave, fruitlessly. Sir Eustace Yorke, naval cadet, was ordered to join the “*Britannia*,” about to proceed to the Mediterranean, at the expiration of his leave.

Thus, at the age of fourteen, Eustace left his mother's care, and, without any kind relative to accompany him, proceeded to Plymouth to join his ship. He was full of

exultation and hope. He could not know how dreary the house seemed which echoed no more to his bounding footstep. Myra was left to her loneliness, and love for the dead, and anxieties for the living.

When Eustace became a member of the midshipmen's mess, he thought himself surrounded by imps of darkness. The oaths and execrations, the filthy talking, the gambling and drinking, filled him with inexpressible loathing. He was bullied by the older midshipmen, and sneered at by those of his own age.

There was one big fellow amongst the youngsters who hated the gentlemanlike boy, who was of better blood and higher rank than himself. He was the King of the Cockpit, from his strength and age. Eustace was always eager for letters from his mother, and his anxiety to be first when the bag was opened, and the shade of disappoint-

ment which clouded his brow when, which rarely happened, there was none for him, was observed and commented on by his companions, and especially by his arch-enemy Jackson.

“They say that your letter was left at the post-office, being insufficiently stamped,” he said. “I’m going on shore, shall I get it for you?”

“I shall be much obliged.”

“Then give me some money.”

“There is half-a-crown—I have no smaller change.”

“All right,” he said, with a wink at the rest.

And Eustace tried to wait patiently till the return of the boat, to get news from Lady Yorke.

“The letter!” he cried eagerly, seeing Jackson’s head appearing up the ship’s side.

“The letter!—what letter?” said Jackson, who had been drinking freely; “you don’t

think that I cared to call for your accursed trumpery letter !”

“You promised,” replied Eustace, with a choking voice.

“Promised, be d——d !”

“Where’s the half-crown I gave you to pay for it ?” exclaimed Eustace, eager to find some legitimate cause of anger.

“Oh !” with a drunken leer, “it slipped out of my pocket somehow.”

“You are not a gentleman,” said Eustace, “and I will not lower myself to your level by talking to you.”

They had arrived below by this time.

“No gentleman !” shouted Jackson. “Take that !” and he struck the boy a ringing blow on the side of the head.

Eustace reeled, but gathering himself up, he rushed at his assailant, and sent his small fist against his face with such good-will that the blood spouted from his nose.

“A ring! a ring!” the midshipmen shouted. “Let us have some fun. Three to one on Jackson! Go it, Yorke! That’s right, give it to him again!” “Fair play!” “Give them room! Give Yorke room!” “Old fellow, you’ve shipped too much port-wine. ’Tis spouting out at your figure-head. Go it, Yorke! Go it, little one! Two to one on Jackson!” “Done!”

Eustace could only hope to succeed by avoiding the blows which Jackson, in his blind fury, aimed at him. He was too drunk to aim them aright, or Eustace would have been lying senseless at his feet before many minutes were over. As it was, the unusual exertion coming on his previous debauch, and the increased movement of the vessel, which rolled and pitched with the rising wind, disturbed his stomach, and bewildered his brain. He saw not two Thebes, but two Yorkes—three, four, an in-

credible number of small fiends in the shape of Yorke. He struck in the wrong place, and hit his hands against the rude furniture of the midshipmen's berth, and ultimately sunk, by wine and sleep oppressed, finished by a telling blow on his right eye, which Eustace darted in and gave him just as he was sinking.

"Yorke! Yorke!" they shouted, "well done, Yorke! Have a glass of grog, old fellow! Just for once, to celebrate your victory!"

"My head aches so much," said the boy. "I'll lie down in my hammock till the first watch."

This victory determined his companions that Yorke was not a muff—a mammy's boy, as he had been called. A circumstance that occurred before long increased their dislike towards him, but made him feared. This slight small boy was a thorn in their flesh in

a way which they little expected. The mess accounts had to be inspected and signed by every member of it, and then passed up for the signature of the post-captain. The purser brought round the long paper of items, and when each midshipman had appended his signature, it was brought to Eustace, as being the youngest officer, and the one who had last joined.

“If you please, young gentleman, to put your name here,” said Mr. Martin, the purser.

“For what purpose? What does my signing it mean?”

“Means that it’s all right.”

“Then if you will give me the paper, I will look over it, and add it up.”

“Well, if I ever heard such a thing in my life!” exclaimed Mr. Martin. “What! doubt my honour, sir?” in a voice of thunder.

“ I know nothing against your honour at present, but you would know something against mine if I put my name to a paper, as a proof of its correctness, when I am ignorant of its contents. Besides, I am by no means convinced of its being correct, for I see twelve dozen oranges charged here, and I have not seen one on board excepting those I bought for myself.”

“ Oranges is bottled stout,” whispered a low voice, which was not intended for Eustace’s ear, but which reached him nevertheless.

“ Oh ! oranges is bottled stout—very well, I don’t drink bottled stout, and I decline to pay for any. I shall not put my name to this paper. You may take up the signatures—I shall not add mine ; but I shall say nothing about it, unless I am asked.”

“ What a young infernal nuisance this is amongst gentlemen !” exclaimed Mr. Martin.

“He deserves to be tarred and feathered, and to have his nose painted green!”

Now this estimate of Eustace’s deserving did not alter the fact of his refusal to sign the paper.

“You will be sent to Coventry, young sir,” said Jackson.

“That will depend on the Captain’s orders, probably,” replied Yorke. “If he sends me there, it will be time enough for me to think of going, and to pack up my carpet-bag.”

“Cheeky young scoundrel!”

Mr. Martin retired discomfited, and determined to send the list to the Captain without any further effort to obtain Yorke’s signature. The Commander received it and presented it to the Captain without observing the absence of the one name. The eye of the Captain mechanically counted the number of names.

“Twenty-two midshipmen—one mate—makes twenty-three; there should be twenty-three middies and one mate—twenty-four. How is this? Whose name is absent?”

“That of the last young gentleman who joined.”

“Let me see—Yorke, I think—yes, Yorke. Tell Mr. Yorke to come hither.”

“Sir Eustace Yorke, middy,” suggested the Commander. “Has no father.”

“A pity; those young prigs with handles to their names are so conceited.”

Eustace entered, standing at the door till summoned to the table where the post-captain was perusing the list.

“Pray, sir, will you tell me why you have refused to add your signature to that of the other gentlemen who have signed?”

“Because, sir, I do not believe the items in the account are correct.”

“How do you mean, sir?”

“ I have to pay my share of twelve dozen oranges, set down in that bill. I am very fond of oranges,” said Eustace ruefully. “ I understand that oranges mean bottled stout. I don’t drink beer or porter, and I had rather not pay for it.”

“ You may go now, sir,” said the Captain in a changed voice, looking troubled at the Commander, when Eustace had left the Admiral’s cabin.

The Commander looked disturbedly at the list.

“ There is foul play here—somewhere, sir,” said he ; “ and this youngster has put his foot into it.”

An investigation took place, and Mr. Martin was found to have cheated on his own account to the amount of £250, for which he was debtor to the mess, whilst an understanding had existed between the midshipmen and himself, by which he had

charged them an enormous amount for legitimate articles, which stood in the lists for spirits, wine, and cigars, and bottled ale and porter. Thus he had transgressed the rules of the service, and swindled the mess, and the detection of these peculations was due to the firmness and decision of a boy of fourteen. There are few such at so early an age, but though unusual, the facts were as the writer has related.

CHAPTER X.

“But, Douglas, can I thee forget?—

Worthy the name, brave, tender, true,
Unmindful of thyself, and yet
To others giving more than due.

“I saw thee full of eager thought

Attentive mark the coming shot ;
I looked again, and it had wrought
Its cruel doom, and thou wert not.

“And in the roaring battery

How strangely quiet was thy rest—
How beautiful thy shrouded eye—
How tranquil thy unheaving breast !”

HELEN CARR.

EUSTACE had spent two years on board the *Britannia* in the Mediterranean—the voice of war echoed through those hitherto tranquil shores. The grand old vessel sailed majestically into the unknown waters of the Black Sea, and a few days

later Eustace, with straining eyeballs and beating heart, saw from the masthead the Zouaves swarming up the steep of the Alma. The war had begun in earnest, and now the ships were required to contribute their quota of men and officers to the defence of the land forces. All were eager to go, but when the eyes of the captain fell on the anxious, pleading expression in the face of the noble-looking boy who had come on deck to put forward his claim, he smiled such a smile of sadness as is given to the ardour of youth which to the aged can never return.

On the afternoon the captain thus addressed Lady Yorke—

“MADAM,

“I think it right to inform your ladyship that, officers and men having been required from Her Majesty’s fleet for the

increase and protection of the land forces, I have nominated your son, Sir Eustace Yorke, as one of those to be employed in this service. In thus doing I have acted for him as I should have done for a son of my own, had I had the fortune to possess one. I remain, madam, your obedient servant,

“JASPER CAREW.”

Lady Yorke received the intelligence with sickness of heart.

“He is all I have,” she thought; but she knew that his life must be poured out like water, if needed, for the duties of his profession. She replied—

“SIR,

“Whatever may be the result of my son’s being employed on active service on shore, I beg to offer you my best thanks for the opportunity you have given him of

distinguishing himself. Your obedient servant,

“MYRA YORKE.”

From the first of October in that autumn to the 18th, the sailors were employed in transporting ammunition and guns to the front. Very happy and very busy was Eustace, though, being the youngest, he was used as an errand-boy, and sent about in all directions, whilst others enjoyed sleep and food. At first he hurried to perform his tasks, but finding that they sprung up like the armed teeth of Deucalion whilst his back was turned, and that each completed duty did but bring another in its rear, he abated his ardour, and amused himself in the beautiful gardens and luscious vineyards that had as yet suffered not from strange footsteps or rifling hands. Thus, when the commander of the *Britannia*

came to a granary, of which the key had been carried forward six miles by the party in front, he desired young Yorke to go on and get it ; whilst Eustace, running forward till out of sight, turned aside to a neighbouring garden, and flinging himself on some mossy turf under a vine which clung to the overshadowing tree that sheltered him, and supported its purple clusters of grapes, avoided the heat of the mid-day sun, and enjoyed abundance of magnificent fruit—grapes, melons, plums, pears, and figs.

I regret that my hero should have been so very unheroic ; but he was but mortal, after all. The weather was hot, the order was an absurd one, and the Commander was unreasonable in having required the service.

Before Eustace had been absent an hour Commander Aberdeen calculated that Eustace could not be back for four of those

divisions of time, and did what he had better have done at first—broke the lock of the door and fed his horses. In the evening, when the party moved to the front, passing by the scene of Yorke's festivity, he strolled out demurely and joined them, as if he had just returned. Had any question been asked, he was prepared to answer with the truth; but all were intent on the work in hand, and none regarded him. His zeal, his devotion to his real duties, his reckless gallantry, brought him to the notice of that noble sailor who inherited the genius of his father, with the personal beauty of his mother, the charms of whose person still linger on the canvas where the pencil of Laurence strove to immortalize them. The statesmanship of the one, the delicate beauty of the other, and the gallantry of their son, are already forgotten in the rush and struggle of daily life.

Eustace, on that foreign soil, saw him as he was, the incarnation of all great and good qualities; and the young chief sympathised with the enthusiasm of the boy, and attached him to his person.

Highly wrought, nervous, and sensitive as was young Yorke, his first contact with death would have affected him more deeply, had not fresh incidents driven the shock from his mind. The battery was darkened by smoke even in the blaze of that autumn afternoon—a shot flew close to his head, and involuntarily he started aside; but, in doing so, he put his foot on the naked heaving chest of a man, mortally wounded. He looked down, and recognised the captain of the main-top, a sailor whom he knew and liked. He withdrew his foot, greatly shocked, and, in doing so, trampled on another dying man. After that he stood firmly, determined to make no effort to

avoid his fate, and with something of the Turkish philosophy, in which our soldiers share, that "every bullet has its billet."

That morning he and one other youth, his senior, had been ordered to remain in battery, whilst the attack on Sebastopol, which had begun at nine A.M., was going on; and the two youths had wept tears of rage and disappointment, fearing that the work would be over, and the defences of the city levelled to the ground before they could be permitted to see the bombardment, which it nearly cracked the drum of the ear to listen to. Sebastopol, all the engineers had declared, could not hold out twenty-four hours; the sailors, even the least sanguine of that hopeful profession, gave that noble city but twelve. The two youths left alone in the battery diminished the number, in their imagination, to three. The senior at length mounted his pony, and, assuring

Yorke that he would only ride to the top of the rising ground, "just to see what they were about," disappeared, and did not return. Half an hour after, when Eustace was clenching his fists and gnashing his teeth with impotent rage at his inactivity, an order came from his chief to take all available officers, men, and ammunition to the front.

Often during the dreary days and nights of the following months before Sebastopol, during which time he had seen the head of that young and impatient companion, whom he had learned to regard as a friend, carried off by a round shot, he thought frequently of the weary waiting of that morning, and learned to restrain his impatience. In that roaring battery, where the booming of the guns made any voice inaudible which was not a shout, or a scream, young D—— was laid on his back, with a sweet half-smile on his

placid face. He seemed to sleep, till Eustace bent over him to raise his head, and felt his hand slip over that unseen horror, which his flowing hair had half concealed.

Eustace wrote short letters to his mother by every mail, but it seemed a desecration to the calm and tranquillity of her life to recount the incidents of his. She appeared to him to be a Deity, to whom only the choicest fruits of the earth, and the loveliest flowers of the field, should be offered, not sacrifices of blood and of human victims. In his hurried prayers night and morning, the thought of her was ever mingled. It seemed to the youth that her prayers in his behalf, the prayers of one so pure and good, must avail him at the Throne of Grace. She, poor soul, was ever availing herself of every opportunity to send box after box full of clothes and provisions to her boy, of which his companions felt the benefit, and

blessed her maternal care of her son.

“Whither are you going so fast, Yorke?” said his chief one day.

“To write to my mother, sir.”

“Bring me the letter when you have finished it. I want to add a line to it.”

Eustace blushed and obeyed. It had been already written, and only awaited the envelope, so the captain was not kept waiting. On a half sheet was written by him a few words of commendation of her son, which gave Myra the most intense pleasure she had ever experienced.

How Myra blessed the man who had so judged of her boy—a stranger to her, who had selected Eustace as his aid-de-camp for the qualities he himself possessed. How fortunate she thought her son for having an example of high moral character, gentleman-like bearing, and brilliant achievements in his chief. And she was right. Unspeak-

able good is produced in the minds of the young by the combination of valour and virtue. The blaze of the glory makes virtue more attractive when seen by its light.

One morning Eustace left the camp before daybreak, and witnessed a sight which materially affected his future career. Just as the sun rose above the horizon, a squadron of English lancers galloped by him in line, gleaming in the new-born light, the breath of their snorting chargers making a line of mist before them. Their gallant and spirit-stirring bearing flushed the cheek of the youth with delight and sympathy.

“These men will have the best of it,” he said to himself. “When Sebastopol falls, cavalry will be wanted to clear the Crimea, and follow up the flying troops. I am—shall be no one when I return to my ship—only a midshipman—now elevated by the

notice and kindness of my chief into the position of a gentleman and the society of my equals. That loathsome gun-room ! It will be five years nearly before I can pass as a lieutenant. On board ship, even if there were an action, I should be possibly ordered away from the very gun I was bent on firing, for other duties. Besides," he added, impatiently, "there are no sea-fights now—never will be again—those glorious duels on the ocean which our grandfathers fought are bygone. Were I but on a horse, and the enemy in front, I think I might give a good account of them, and of myself too."

A few days after the notice of young Yorke's gallantry by the Commander-in-chief made that nobleman regret that Yorke was not in the army.

"How that boy rides ! What a cavalry soldier he would make !"

This was repeated to Yorke, and his mind was made up, provided he could obtain his mother's permission; but before that could be thought of, stirring scenes were to break the monotony which had gathered over the Crimean campaign.

On the 18th of June, at 12.5 A.M., Eustace was awakened by the noise of the blue-jackets turning out to fall in, preparatory to marching down to the battery; and by Hardy, a sailor who, knowing that Eustace had been ill for some days, came to ask if he could be of any assistance to him. Eustace replied that he wanted nothing, and found, from Hardy's great glee, that he had been selected amongst those seamen who were to be employed in carrying the scaling-ladders up to the Redan.

When Eustace stood in the open air on that cold misty morning, the men were just marching off to the tune of "Cheer boys,

cheer!" and other popular melodies, in tones so melancholy, as to inspire the utmost depression. His chief did his utmost, in pure tenderness of heart, towards his young aide, to send the boy back with unimportant messages, which Yorke hastened to deliver, and then to return to the side of his beloved captain.

At length the chief gave way—

"You are determined to stick to me, Yorke, so you must take your chance."

"I desire no better," said Eustace, with a kindling eye, which gave life to his pale sunken cheeks.

A party of sappers were close to the chief, and under the influence, not of spirit, but of spirits, proceeded to stand up in a trench only three feet deep, in which they had been intended to remain concealed. They then proceeded to load, and then ran down in regular form, which procured for the party

oaths for showing those who should have been latent, and showers of grape from the Russians to show they knew how to take advantage of the knowledge.

A few minutes after they saw the French attack the Malakoff, the signal being an immense bouquet of shells, which was exceedingly beautiful. At length a flag was run up, a flag-staff in the light gun battery, and immediately a voice cried out, "The signal's up!" when the captain jumped over the parapet, followed by his officers. Their appearance was greeted by the Russians with a shower of shot and shell; but seeing that the seamen were not following with the ladders, the brave leader of the party sprung again up on to the top of the parapet, and stood there clearly marked out against the morning sky, waving his sword, the noblest and gallantest figure of a man ever seen.

“For shame, sailors! will you let the red-coats beat you?”

Thus addressed, every blue-jacket scrambled with the ladders over the parapet, and started forward towards the Redan; and from that moment till Eustace was laid on the amputation table of the hospital hut he did not again see his commanding officer. This gentleman's being severely wounded or killed was considered so certain, that Eustace and the other aide had engaged a seaman named Hardy, and two other sailors of approved valour, to watch the Captain, and bring him in if he fell.

They had not long to wait—before he had gone forward more than half way to the Redan, he was struck by a bullet in the left arm, and fell back fainting; being possessed by the keen sensibility he derived from his father, which urged him to meet death, but made him involuntarily lose

sensation from pain. Thus, by the thoughtful provision made by his aides, he was placed in safety, and attended by the surgeons, who knew the value of such a life. The ball had passed through the fleshy part of his arm, leaving the bone uninjured, and the wound, barring accident, was unlikely to prove dangerous. Eustace, unencumbered by his light jacket, open red shirt, midshipman's cap and trousers, and armed only with his sword, ran forward towards the Redan, at the head of the 57th Regiment, the men of which were falling under a heavy fire like packs of cards, nor did he stop till a sharp sting quivered in the palm of his hand, and he felt his sword whirled out of his grasp, and knocked away several yards to the right. Involuntarily the shock to his nerves threw him on his knees; he looked at his bleeding hand, and then scrambled to his feet, blushing at having

dropped for so slight a cause, and fearful lest any one should have observed his discomfiture.

As he picked up his sword, he saw that he was far ahead of the ladders and most of the soldiers, so he retraced his steps, and, walking by the side of the two foremost ladders, he took command of them, and encouraged and hurried on the men. About half way up, Eustace saw three officers crouching down in a little chalk-pit, who seemed to partake of Butler's opinion, that

“ He who fights and runs away,
Lives to fight another day.”

Probably, as these were bearded men, with less enthusiasm than that which glowed in the breast of sixteen, they saw the hopelessness of the sacrifice of life which they had been called on to make. At any event, self-preservation seemed to be their governing principle ; and Eustace, restraining the exclama-

tion of "cowards!" which struggled on his lips for utterance, passed them in silent contempt.

"A young fool of a blue-jacket!" said one, whose name was St. Cyr.

"Hang it! he puts us to shame, though!" said another, called Lymerton.

"Never mind; laugh those that win," replied the first. "He won't be alive to tell of us in two hours time."

When Eustace got up to the abattis, he looked round on his ladders. Three men were left out of the six who had started with the rearmost. One old man and a boy struggled on under the weight of the foremost. As the veteran strained under his load, with fresh efforts he cheered his boy companion.

"Come along, Bill—we'll get our blasted ladder up first. Never mind us, sir," he continued, seeing that Eustace had taken

his place to aid in its transportation ; “you are wounded ?”—seeing the blood dropping from his hand.

“Only a scratch,” said our hero, aiding them to carry it till they reached the abattis.

On arriving there all the men lay down, and Eustace followed their example, for he saw plainly that, unless reinforcements arrived, nothing could be accomplished. On looking round he could perceive only about four, or, at most, five hundred Englishmen, whilst two thousand five hundred to three thousand Russians were kneeling on the parapet, four deep, and picking off the enemy in a manner painfully methodical.

Just as Eustace lay down an engineer officer asked him where the captain was, and on the boy's replying that he did not know, the officer ran off to try and find

him, but fell dead before he had proceeded many steps.

For the information of my fair friends, I must explain that an abattis is formed of felled trees, with their branches presented towards the enemy. Presently an officer sprang to his feet, weary, probably, of inaction, and, breaking off a branch, waved it over his head. It fell on Eustace from his helpless hand as he sank again to the earth, pierced by a dozen bullets. A young sergeant now jumped up, and, with a considerable amount of brogue, asked the men to follow him in mounting the abattis; but meeting with no response, he waxed angry, and said he would *order* the men to follow him, and shoot the first who refused. He was about eighteen or nineteen, and had probably been promoted for some act of valour at the Alma or Inkermann. Finding they were still silent, he command-

ed one man near him to follow, and seeing the veteran smile, his only response, at the impossibility of the task, he raised his piece to shoot him, and in the act of raising it fell himself in a death-struggle.

Just after the death of the young sergeant, an officer, who was lying next to Eustace, was hit in the bowels, and, rolling over in the extremity of his agony, he shrieked out—

“ Oh ! my God !—oh ! my mother !—my mother ! ”

Striking out his feet in convulsions of torture, his struggles and exclamations called the attention of the Russians to the group, and brought down upon it an extra share of bullets ; but there was no help for it—no shelter from them—and Eustace, inexpressibly affected by the words uttered by the dying man, moved out of his way to give him space to expire. In doing this the

boy raised himself on his right arm to look through the branches of the abattis, shading his eyes with his left hand, and instantly received a horrible shock in the left arm, which dropped him amongst the dead that surrounded him, and made him roll over their bodies.

“My arm is broken,” he thought; and though movement increased the agony, he was unable to stop his involuntary rotation. The pain became more and more acute as sensibility returned after its being stunned in the injured part, of which suffering any one may judge who has struck even slightly what is called vulgarly the funny-bone of the elbow. After a few minutes the agony was lost in insensibility. A sergeant soon after shook Eustace by the shoulder, saying—

“I say, mate, if you’re able to get up, you had better go.”

“Whither?” said Eustace, opening his eyes.

“Oh! I beg pardon, sir, I did not see you were an officer; but if you can move, you had better go, for you will be bayonnetted if you stay here. All our men are retiring.”

Eustace thanked his friend for his warning, and scrambled to his feet. He looked for his companions, and saw what seemed to be the last of them going in; and, picking up his cap, mechanically he walked towards the British batteries, passing the old man and the boy lying dead by the side of their scaling ladder.

On the night of the 17th, a ditch had been dug towards the Redan, about half-way up from the quarries. From want of time to complete it, this was only a common ditch, three feet deep. Had the attack been delayed a few days, it would probably

have been converted into a regular approach. Into this shelter several of the retreating men had jumped ; for, by running with the body bent forward, they were in a great degree hidden from the Russians, for the grass on either side was between two or three feet high, so that it afforded a good cover. Eustace, not yet full grown, thinking it would make a sufficient concealment for him, jumped down into it, thereby giving his arm an awkward shake. But, on moving towards the British camp, dreadful screams proceeded from numbers of wounded men, who, having been stricken in going up to the Redan, had crawled into the ditch for shelter, and now announced their agony, as the increasing stream of fugitives trampled over their wounded and mutilated limbs.

With some difficulty Eustace scrambled up the side, every fresh exertion forcing the otherwise dripping blood into a stream ; but

he had rather suffer than inflict suffering, and he had soon reason to congratulate himself on his humanity.

He had not left the ditch three minutes, before the Russians, who had observed the long line of heads passing through it, trained three guns of grape and canister for the ditch, and swept down all the line of heads, the men all falling over each other, as bent cards placed in line to please a child, when one is propelled forward by the touch of his dimpled finger.

Eustace walked on slowly, untouched, though the bullets and grape tore up the earth over which he passed. He had felt ill and exhausted before he started, and now he was sick and faint from pain and loss of blood, and it needed all the images of his home, and of his mother's miserable anxiety, to urge him to hasten on to pre-

serve a life to which he was becoming indifferent.

“Apathy of limb, the dull beginning
Of the cold staggering race which Death was winning,”

was stealing over him.

But he had nearly reached the trench from which that gallant party had started in the dawn, and he crossed over to where the continued stream of men passing had worn down a passage through the parapet, when a young soldier of the Rifles leapt out of the ditch already spoken of, and, eager to obtain shelter, brushed rudely by the boy's wounded arm, saying impatiently,

“Move on, sir!”

Eustace replied by a curse, and the man ran up the worn parapet with his musket at the trail, to which Eustace, seizing it by the butt-end, held on, that he might be dragged up the little ascent. The rifleman turned angrily to see what occasioned the unusual weight,

when a round shot, passing over the right shoulder of Eustace, struck the soldier, and cut him in two.

Eustace stepped over his body, and was in comparative safety.

Just before this last step, however, he turned to look behind him—a feeling of nationality overriding pain, weariness, and sickness. They had failed. Had the French succeeded any better? Yorke was trying to satisfy himself on this point, with an indifference to his own life which in future years seemed incredible, when he remembered that, being the sole living creature on the parapet, he made the only mark for the Russian bullets. He was recalled to the fact by the exclamations of an Irish regiment within the parapet.

“Jump! jump! Lord bless your innocent heart! don’t you see ’tis yer precious self they’re firing at?”

“How can I jump?” said the youth, pointing to his dangling arm, not fancying the jar to that helpless limb by a sudden descent of ten feet.

Two officers of the Guards ran forward to help him, and one of them took him down in his arms as if he had been an infant.

They held water to his parched lips, and pressed on him brandy, which he declined. They wanted also to take him to their own doctor; but Eustace, thanking them in the few faint words he could manage to utter, walked on towards the sailors’ camp.

On his way towards the right Lancaster gun, towards which he was proceeding, he overtook a blue-jacket who had lost two fingers and a thumb, and was tearing his shirt to bandage the stumps. As Yorke went forward he was greeted by the following exclamations—

“Look there, Bill! there’s a go! A poor

little boy wounded, who ought to have been at home with his mother !”

“ What a shame ! ’Tis but a babe !”

Clement, a surgeon, who examined his arm, said it must be amputated at once.

“ Why ?”

“ Because you have a large ball in the elbow-joint.”

“ If so, could I bend my arm ?”

“ Certainly not.”

Eustace, at the expense of exquisite agony to the wounded part, bent his arm. And the surgeon looked astonished, and offered to extract the ball ; but Yorke declined, wishing to reach his own naval medical staff.

Shortly after, an officer, seeing his state of exhaustion, procured a stretcher, on which Eustace was carried into camp, not without more perils, for a round shot tore up the ground under the feet of the bearers. The

blue-jacket now overtook the stretcher, minus his fingers and the tail of his shirt, and ran by the side of Eustace, chatting in a most cheerful manner; but in changing arms the men dropped their burden, and Eustace, falling on the wounded arm, fainted from the pain. As he recovered he heard the exclamations previously made by the Irish regiment in the batteries repeated by a party of Highlanders.

When he reached the side of the amputation table, he found the blue-jacket already on it, who talked in a firm, unshaken voice, whilst the surgeons took from their sockets the remains of his thumb and two fingers. Then it was Yorke's turn; and the doctors were all for amputating the arm above the elbow joint, all but one, who, being luckily the senior, had more weight. A ball over five ounces in weight was found imbedded in the shattered bones, just below the elbow

joint, and his arm was saved. Whilst he was yet on the table, his gallant, tender-hearted young chief, having his arm in a sling, came to look after his boy aide-de-camp. He listened with incredulity at first to the account Eustace gave of his having been up to the Redan, believing, from the flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes of his aide, that he spoke under the influence of delirium. It seemed impossible that Yorke could have lived through such a storm of shell and shot, had he passed through so much space in a position so exposed.

“O God! thou strength of my health!” said Eustace, reverently. “Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle:” and if there was a shadow of presumption in the thought, let it be forgiven, for the feeling of perfect reliance on this aid has ever nerved the hearts of our warriors to their noblest exertions.

So soon as his arm was bound up, and he was carried to his hut, he asked for writing-paper, and wrote in pencil to his mother a few illegible lines.

“It was not much of a wound—he should soon be well enough to go back to the battery.”

The messmate who had found the materials retouched the words, that Lady Yorke might know what they were meant to convey; and then Yorke turned away and slept the deep sleep of exhaustion, till nature, busy to repair the damage done by the bullet, set up inflammation, attended by burning pain in the wounded arm, making Eustace restless and sleepless. After a few days he was sent to the Naval Hospital at Therapia, where he spent a fortnight of rest and enjoyment in the society of his cultivated and intellectual chief, who was also

“Waxing well of his deep wound.”

But in a few days the patients showed that, however delightful might be the wilderness of sweets that surrounded them in that paradise of nature, an air more bracing was necessary to restore them to perfect health.

Shortly after, Lady Yorke heard from the captain of the *Britannia* that her son's passage home had been taken in H. M. S. *Leviathan*; and after telling her on what date the vessel was likely to be at Portsmouth, he stated that the surgeon had suggested that some efficient person should be on the spot to receive Sir Eustace Yorke, as his debility was great, and, in addition to this, that his wounded arm rendered him very helpless. The letter concluded with some well-deserved commendation of the conduct and gallantry of her son.

How fast Myra's heart beat on reading this letter! How eagerly she counted the days till the *Leviathan* might be expected

at Portsmouth ! There were a few feeble lines from Eustace :

“ I am coming home, my dear mother.
You will soon make me well and strong.

“ Your loving son,
“ EUSTACE.”

Myra wore these tremulous lines on her bosom. Probably she might have loved her son had he been a coward, and steeped in infamy, but now she was proud of her devotion to the noble youth whom all united to commend.

She would not travel down till the day before that on which there was a probability of the arrival of the vessel. She was shy of exhibiting her anxieties in the presence of strangers. To travel at all was an effort to one who rarely left home. She had a half-consciousness that her confidential maid had no love for Eustace, and no sympathy

in her mistress's trouble—that she was jealous of a devotion in which she had no part ; so Lady Yorke left her at home, and took her footman only with her.

On reaching Portsmouth, she was glad to retire to her bedroom. “The Old Ship” was full of company, for others besides herself had beloved ones on the ocean, who were to be welcomed to their native land. The sea at high tide seemed to lave the walls of the houses under Myra's bedroom window, but there was no distant prospect of the ocean from it. That was then of little consequence. The *Leviathan* at the earliest could not arrive till the morrow.

When the sun rose Myra arose also ; she would breakfast early—that would be something to do. That meal hurried over, she dressed herself in her veiled bonnet, and went out attended by her servant, “to look at the fortifications” ostensibly—in reality

to gaze with inquiring eyes on the dizzy expanse of rocking water, demanding the vessel that bore her absent son.

Involuntarily her memory presented to her mind the touching lines ascribed by the poet Bowles to the bereaved monarch Abba Thule—

“ I climb the highest cliff, I hear the sound
Of dashing waves—I gaze intent around—
I mark the sun which orient lifts his head,
I mark the sea’s lone rule beneath him spread ;
But not a spec can my far-seeing eye,
A shadow on the tossing waves descry,
That I might weep tears of delight and say,
It is the bark that bore my child away.”

She grew tired of the presence of her servant, and dismissed him ; and then seated herself on the edge of the bastion, and looked into the distant horizon till her senses reeled from the prolonged effort. She got over her shyness so far as to address the old sailors who loitered about with glasses at their eye, with the sweetest

of smiles, and the gentlest of tones—when did they think the *Leviathan* would arrive?

“Maybe you expect somebody who’s aboard?”

“Yes—oh! yes. My son—he is ill—wounded.”

“Very like—very like.”

“But when do you think—” and here her voice became tremulous—“the vessel will come?”

“May be to-night—may be to-morrow—can’t say.”

“Then she is not out there now?—not one of those four vessels we see in the distance?”

“Lord bless you, no!” Then looking at her with profound contempt—“why, don’t you know her when you see her?”

Myra was obliged to confess her ignorance. In truth, excepting that some ships were larger than others, and some emitted

steam, which the others did not, she thought they looked all alike. She tried to buy a more favourable opinion from the old salt by the donation of a shilling to purchase tobacco, which so wrought on him, that he promised, if she came again to-morrow, to let her look out of his glass, and then perhaps she might see the vessel she wanted.

Myra lingered till the sun sank below the level sea, and no ships could be seen through the soft mist which enveloped the horizon. Then she went to the hotel, and contemplated two very tall wax lights in two consumptive-looking silver candlesticks, with small beading round the sockets for ornament, which candles had replaced the moulds first provided by the landlord, when he found from the footman that his mistress was "my Lady;" a jug without a spout, or rather with the dilapidated remains of one, was hastily abstracted from the side-board,

and replaced by a new one meant to represent china—the result of the same intelligence, whilst ten per cent. was also added to the items of her ladyship's bill.

She could not rest—she could not settle herself to any occupation. She thought with Gray—

“My lonely sorrow melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.”

At length she went to bed, and, wearied of having walked about unconsciously all day, she slept for some hours.

The wind rose and the waves lashed the shingles under her window. She dreamed that the *Leviathan* was labouring in a heavy sea—was wrecked—going to pieces—a voice seemed to cry “All lost!”

She started up in cold terror, to find that the wind was blowing a hurricane.

“Oh! what can I do?—how can I get to

him ! Ah, me ! I have no help—no comfort—no one to speak to !”

The draught of cold air flared the night light ; and she arose and lighted her candle—she could not place her head on the pillow whilst such a turmoil was going on outside.

“ Oh ! my Eustace !” and she sank on her knees by the side of the bed, and wept and prayed urgent tender supplications for the safety of her boy. Every fresh burst of the tempest shook her agitated breast. She extinguished the lights, in the vain hope of being able to see the sky and the water. She opened the door of her room, and stole softly along the passages, till she came to a window that she knew would command the horizon, when there was light sufficient to reveal it. It was two o’clock when she was awakened by the storm—she lingered about till half-past five.

“Half-past five, sir! Time to get up—half-past five!” said a waiter, knocking at the door of one of the sleepers; then, seeing Myra’s pale anxious face, who was stealing away, rather ashamed of being detected in her watching—“*Leviathan* there, ma’am—there, in the offing; came in in the night—too rough to come any nearer at present—be in in the course of the day, ma’am.”

“Are you *sure*?” said Myra tremulously—“are you quite sure?”

“Oh! yes!—know the vessel quite well. Seen her scores of times. There she is,” pointing her out to Myra. “Thank you, ma’am,” pocketing the five shillings Myra placed in his hands.

She went to her room, and kneeling where her tears had not yet had time to dry on the counterpane, she poured out such ejaculations of gratitude and thanksgiving as seldom emanate from mortal bosoms. Those

who return to give thanks are but as one to nine.

Myra could now give her hour to sleep, and when she had rested she breakfasted and went forth to the beach. She must see her boy. She could not wait. She found the old salt.

“Would you like to look through the glass, mum?”

Myra never could see through a telescope, but she consented to try, as the sailor seemed to wish it.

“There she *lays*. A fine vessel, mum!”

“I want a boat to go out to her,” said Myra, decidedly made bold by her sense of happiness.

“A boat to go out to her? ’Tis foul weather, and ’tisn’t everybody would like it. You see, mum, ’tisn’t over-safe; but we seamen don’t stop for that often. Isn’t your ladyship timorous yourself?” added he.

“Well, then, I’ll make the best bargain I can for you.”

In a few minutes he returned to Lady Yorke, and announced that he had engaged a boat and a couple of men, besides himself, for three guineas. Had he said ten, Myra would willingly have paid it.

They placed Myra in the boat, and wrapped a spare sail round her to defend her from the spray, and pushed off from land. I will not give my heroine too much credit for courage, nor deny that she somewhat repented having hazarded the lives of three brave men besides her own in her impatience to see her son.

In the midst of the boiling waves, whirled on their crests, or sinking down into their troughs, the sailors began to express their doubts as to whether they should ever make the vessel. Myra said nothing. She did not moan nor scream. She fixed her eyes

on the scarcely perceptible form of the *Leviathan*, and wept silently to think what Eustace would suffer if she were not alive to welcome him home ; but this grief was not to weigh on his young heart. The side of the vessel was reached, and Myra, terrified by the dancing about of the little cockle-shell of a boat she was leaving, clung to a rope on the ship's side, and clambered up like a cat, thankful to cling to something so large and comparatively firm. An officer advanced, bowing, to inquire her commands. She mentioned the name of her son, and was conducted below to the cabin, in which the officers were seated at their breakfasts.

“ My son, Sir Eustace Yorke ! ” said poor Myra, flushing, for she had grown shy again in a crowd of strangers.

“ I am coming, my mother, presently, ” said a quiet voice from one of the cabins.

Myra went quickly towards it.

“ I cannot speak to you yet. The surgeon is dressing my arm. Please to go back to the table. You will not like to see it.”

Myra obeyed.

At length, the many yards of bandage being properly applied, Eustace walked deliberately out of the cabin to where Lady Yorke stood, feeling awkward, at the table.

“ How do you do ?” he said, quietly, and just brushed her forehead with his lips.

This was the meeting between mother and son, after two years and eight months’ absence. Nothing could have been colder than the salutation, yet both were satisfied : the boy with the mother’s love, that had come through peril to welcome him home ; the mother exulting in the improvement she observed in his person and manner. He had left her a boy—ardent and ingenuous. He had returned to her, made manly by the scenes through which he had passed.

Whilst his contemporaries at public schools struggled through the difficulties of the Greek tragedies, he had been an actor in real ones, and these had left marks of thought and determination on his young brow.

Thus were mother and son re-united. Lady Yorke waited till the storm had abated, and the angry waves were stilled, before she went on shore. Very proud and very happy she was on carrying her son home. The inhabitants of the village, and the tenants on the estate, wished to give Eustace a triumphant reception ; but neither the mother nor her boy had any taste for such demonstrations, and kept the day of their return a secret.

Sir Eustace Yorke had been returned by all his commanding officers as worthy of obtaining the Victoria Cross, and his name was put down on the Admiralty list accord-

ingly, next to that of his gallant chief captain.

The mother and her son wandered about in the park and gardens in the evening. For a week or ten days Eustace was content to “rest and be thankful;” but the activity of his mind revolted from prolonged inaction. He wished to gain his mother’s consent to his favourite scheme for leaving the Navy; but he recoiled from the idea of the pain he felt it would give her—all her interests seemed naval now; for his sake she revered it as a profession, and admired the character of its men and officers. One sunset evening, however, when he leaned on her arm, for he was still feeble, she asked the question so often put by loving lips, and so seldom answered truly,

“Of what are you thinking?”

Without venturing to look at her, he replied,

“Mother, of leaving the Navy!”

“Of leaving the Navy! Oh! Eustace!—the profession you sought for so ardently, in which you have distinguished yourself so nobly, in which your career has been so brilliant! Oh! Eustace, you have disappointed me cruelly!”

“You have scarcely a right, to say that, my mother, I think,” the boy replied. “Remember, the service in which I was said to have distinguished myself was the land service. Had I been on board, I could have had but small opportunity of doing so.”

He then recapitulated all the reasons for his wishing to enter a cavalry regiment; and his mother ended by consenting to aid him in their fulfilment.

Then Eustace visited his friend and chief, and learnt from him the value of a cultivated mind. He was eager to hurry home, and begin self-imposed tasks. The scholar-

ship which had been so distasteful to him as a boy, now asserted its importance in his mind. Every morning at half-past five he would be found with his Virgil and dictionary before him, studying till the breakfast-bell called him to where Lady Yorke read prayers to the household at eight o'clock. Excepting a mad gallop for two hours every day over every available fence round his estate, he spent the whole day, and part of the night, in reading Latin. He had set himself a task to accomplish, and by chaining his attention thereunto, he avoided, in some degree, the sickening alternation of hopes and fears about the chances of getting a commission.

The kind-hearted Commander-in-chief had sunk under strategic disappointments; but a letter he had written to Eustace remained, and its production at the Horse Guards was followed by his obtaining a

promise of a commission in the cavalry. Eight months, however, elapsed before Eustace could leave his home. The shattered bone continued to exfoliate from his arm, and his health suffered from the continued anguish of his wound. In the meantime, he obtained permission from the Admiralty to leave the Navy; and, as a result, when their list of those for whom the Victoria Cross was destined came out, the name of Sir Eustace Yorke was found to have been struck out.

Myra's indignation knew no bounds. That of Eustace was more silent and self-contained.

"*They* may withhold it, but I'll have the Victoria Cross in spite of them, before I die!" he muttered below his breath.

Before he joined his regiment, the ——th Dragoons, he, having conquered his Virgilean difficulties, expressed his determina-

tion to begin Greek again. He had recognised the meaning of some of that sonorous language, whilst listening to the chanting of the priests in the monastery of Saint George, and he took up some of his neglected Greek choruses with satisfaction. Soon after he joined his regiment in the west of England, and found himself at seventeen and six months a cornet without a friend in the army.

In his regiment there were men of higher rank, of greater wealth, than Eustace ; but though most of the young officers were senior to Yorke, in character they were essentially school-boys without a head-master, and thought the grave young cornet a fit subject for the witless horse-play in which these enfranchised children thought it manly to indulge. The experience of Eustace in the saturnalia of the midshipmen's society was sufficient to assure him that any remon-

strance was vain. He attempted not to stem the current. He simply withdrew himself from it.

He had joined before his uniform arrived ; but on his first appearance with his medals, his companions were silenced. They knew not before but that he had just left school. Eustace had never spoken of himself. When, a few nights before, Eustace had retired to rest, but had not taken off his clothes, a riotous party, believing the youth was not alone, proceeded, after a vain attempt to turn the handle of the door, to break in a panel, when they found Yorke reading quietly a chapter of the Bible, which he had done every night since he had been under fire. The point of the jest was lost, and they turned away disappointed.

“ You will have a cigar ? ” said one, one day.

"Thank you, I don't smoke."

"Why do you not?"

"Because I don't choose to do so."

"You do not drink either?"

"Certainly not—for the same reason."

"Nor play billiards?"

"Not for money."

"Nor bet?"

"No."

"What a muff you must be!"

"Indeed!"

"There's no making anything out of this fellow," they agreed. "He don't seem to care for *chaff*."

It was a happy day when Eustace received his orders to sail for the Crimea again. He found time to return, and take a hurried farewell of his mother.

"Eustace!" said she, seeing him placing a volume beside the Bible in his portmanteau. "What a strange juxtaposition!"

It was "Night and Morning."

"Yes, but for that book, my mother, I should not have won your approbation as I have done."

He turned to a part of the volume which opened by itself, and showed Lady Yorke the page in which the gifted author describes the qualities of Philip Mordant's character.

"With all his passions, he held licentiousness in disdain; with all his ambition for the power of wealth, he despised its luxury. Simple, masculine, severe, abstemious, he was of that mould in which in earlier times the successful men of action have been cast."

He left her.

"Hers was the grief, the gloom,
The tearful eye, that followed far
The fast retreating plume."

He had been so charming—so intelligent

a companion, so gentlemanlike in his deference to her as a woman—so devoted to her as a son, that the house seemed more than ever empty when his footsteps no longer echoed through the old hall.

He was detained at Scutari, instead of going on to the Crimea. A fire took place in the barracks, and, in consequence of this accident, the officer on duty was required to visit the outposts every evening. As a rule, the officer was content to visit the two nearest, when, with a clear conscience, he could say he had “visited the outposts,” two making a plural number; but Eustace could not consent to act such an evasion. When his turn came, he went the round of the whole, twice crossing the Turkish cemetery, which, from its slightly covered dead, was pestilential at all times, but mostly so during the moist vapours of night, in which no sound was audible but the melancholy howlings of

dogs, answering each other from their feasts on the exhumed bodies.

Very dreary were these nightly walks, as Eustace, with his sword drawn, paced alone the silent camp; sometimes stumbling over unknown obstacles, sometimes gazing on the moonbeams, which threw long lines of light on the mighty trunks of the massive cypresses, and revealed the weird and grotesque-looking monuments of turbaned stone, which seemed to possess a semi-vitality—some bowing, as if in mockery, others leaning their heads together, as if in consultation, and others again flung prostrate on the moss and scanty herbage. Through the centre of the burying-ground, which was more than three miles in length, passed a broad, open space, left to admit of the passage of the arabas, which deposited the bodies of the faithful dead. Cypresses, tall as Preadamite creations, stood silent

sentinels on each side of the road, flanking the unknown depths of the cemetery. As Eustace turned on reaching the summit of the gentle acclivity, and looked back, the ground seemed white with broken and disgraced monuments—overthrown records of the lost and dead; uncared for as those deposed idols we look back on—those broken projects and forgotten hopes that occupied our past life.

After one of these visits, Eustace sickened of typhus fever. He was taken delirious to the hospital. The doctors gave but small hope of his recovery. The captain of his troop, who loved the boy for his modesty, his gallant deeds, and his attention to his duties, pitied the anguish of his mother, when he pictured her agony at receiving the probable news of the death of her son, if she remained uninformed of his illness, and wrote to break the intelligence which

the next mail would probably bring her.

She received the letter, and two hours after was on her way to Marseilles, to take the packet for Constantinople. She might not arrive in time to see him alive ; but there was a chance, a possibility of reaching him. A courier attended her through France ; but, on going on board the steamer, she dismissed him, believing that at Scutari he would be more than useless.

Arrived there, the kindness of the lady-superintendent procured her admission to the hospital in which Eustace was lying. She was shown into the room, where there was but one bed occupied, and she perceived not her son, and turned away disappointed. As she was leaving the room, a faint voice exclaimed—"Mother !" She returned, and knelt by the side of her boy, so changed that she had not recognised him, save by his voice.

The recognition on his part had been but momentary. His mind wandered again to the busy past, where his active energies had occupied him in strange contrast to the helplessness of his present state, and to the more perfect repose to which his young life seemed to be hurrying.

“Ha! fools! what are you staring at? Did you never see a dead man before? Take it away!—to the hospital, if he lives—if not, fling it aside to the rear—we must work this gun. How those active fellows swarm up the Alma heights! They should have been sailors—not Zouaves.

“This is the Mamelon—they sit in a circle and converse in whispers. No French vivacity. They are picked off one by one as they sit. An officer is looking on something covered with a military cloak. It was his friend ten minutes since!”

Then the youth tried to hum the “Zouave

March." The air brought back the recollections of the time when he had heard it.

"Ha! fine fellows! Look at that man with the tricolor flag, one hundred yards in front of his comrades! Ha! ha! he is going to drive the Russians from the Malakoff single-handed! He climbs over the abattis. He fires! Ah! he's down! Brave fellow! He will never rise, till the trump of doom. Another raises the tricolor! Bravo! Grand nation! A crowd bustles round it—it waves—it sinks! The Russians trample it down!" A yell arose from the parched lips of Eustace, and Myra called the orderly to hold him down on his bed, from which he was struggling to rise, with the momentary strength of fever. "Ha! the French supports arrive—they come from the middle ravines at a quick double! Drums and fifes playing!—Victory!"

And with a tremulous voice again he sang

and tried to shout the inspiring notes of the
 “Zouave March.”

“I’ll bore holes in those lines of Russians with my sixty-eight pounders,” he said, below his breath. Then with a shout he exclaimed, “How they go down! Like wheat in harvest! So thirsty!—water! Pah! it smells of blood! Look, it is stained—give it me—I *must* drink!”

Myra supported his head, and held the water to his lips—which he swallowed with difficulty. His tongue was dark brown, his teeth and lips clogged with the terrible indications of typhus.

Then he tried to sing—

“Says a soldier to a sailor as they were walking one day.”
 This died away into one of the saddest of the negro melodies.

“Hang up the fiddle and the bow,
 Put by the mattock and the hoe.
 There’s no more work for poor old Ned;
 He’s gone where the good niggers go.”

Then he remained silent, or muttered only, in a drowsy state. To watch him and count, or try to count, that feeble hurrying pulse, was Myra's only occupation as she sat by his bed-side. But her hours of watching were limited. The tribe of doctors, eight in number, who visited their patients twice a day, had warned the lady-superintendent that Lady Yorke must not be allowed to remain more than three hours during the day in the room with her son.

"Her coming at all is a nuisance," they said. "We shall have *her* sick on our hands, and we have too many invalids already. With her anxiety and depressed spirits, she will be sure to take the infection of typhus if she does not go out into the air daily for some hours."

Myra was obedient—she was thankful to be there at all; but, on putting on her bonnet and cloak to walk out, she was stopped

before she had descended the magnificent marble steps of the hospital, by a message from the lady-superintendent, that two soldiers were ready to attend her. She had not counted on such an honour, and returned to remonstrate.

“As you please, Lady Yorke ; but if you go where you seemed to direct your steps, to the cemetery, you are unlikely ever to come back alive, if you go unattended. Violence and murder are too common to be made much account of now.”

So Myra gave up her idea, and confined her walk to the precincts of the hospital grounds.

When in the building she could not be prevented wandering up and down the corridor which contained the room where Eustace was lying. She was not permitted to spend the night by his side ; but she walked outside, and passing and repassing to look

if perchance the nurse slept by the side of her charge ; and blessing the tatters in the green window blinds, which, catching the draughts of wind through the open arches into the large interior quadrangle, allowed her glimpses of her treasure—sometimes of the skeleton hand—sometimes of the attenuated face tossed restlessly on the heated pillow.

Soon the vigilance of the doctors and nurses relaxed. Myra was permitted to take the whole charge of her boy. He was a feather-weight now—she could move him in his bed—she hated the interference of the female nurses, and preferred an orderly, who slept till he was wanted, and then was glad to return to the comfortable bed which Myra had prepared for him. Sometimes she slept also ; and when Eustace showed signs of recovery, she could afford to smile at the indifference with which she made her

toilette behind a screen in the room with the sleeping soldier; or went to the bath, where male attendants watched by the door, or added hot or cold water. "Nice customs curtsy to great necessities."

In the early morning, after her boy had passed a better night than usual, she used to walk outside the environs of the hospital, and watch the rising of the sun over Mount Olympus, which stood out grandly in its covering of eternal snow, rose-tinted by the morning beams, which deepened the nearer hills to rich purple tints, and made the foreground burnished gold.

The lady longed for her quiet, genial home, for its repose, its refinement. She sickened of the regular Greek outline, of the magnificent black eyes with their eternal sparkle, of the beautiful straight noses and short upper lips, with their silky moustache. She looked lovingly—such was her nation-

ality—at the beds full of our sleeping soldiers, when she passed through their galleries at night, and saw the rough faces, snub noses, and red whiskers that spoke to her of home. It was a comfort to get to her boy's side, and talk to him of their return—it was like heaven after those weary pacings up and down the galleries, containing three hundred and thirty-three feet each corridor. How often she had counted them, trying not to think of the chances of her son's death.

At length he was permitted to leave the hospital; and, attended by his soldier-servant and his mother, they took their passage for home, and reached it safely.

Now he was with her in her quiet home, gazing out listlessly on the deep shadows of the park-trees, in the glory of the summer sunset.

“How beautiful!” she said, at length.

“It *is* beautiful!—a most beautiful piece of ground!” replied he, eagerly, with his face lighted up with somewhat of his old enthusiasm. “And give me three hundred of my own men of the ——, and five hundred Cossacks coming down the opposite hill! Wouldn’t we make mince-meat of them, that’s all!”

“You would never pollute this lovely home scene with blood and death?” said his mother.

“Pollute! Rather say sanctify it with fame for ever!” rejoined the youth.

As he grew stronger, the wish to cultivate his mind returned. He had been overwhelmed with shame, he said, when, on a six hours’ truce, a young Russian officer had come up and addressed him in five different modern languages; but as English was not one of them, he had stood dumb and helpless, till his chief explained what was said to

him, and interpreted his answers. He would go to some family in France, and study French.

Myra sighed, and let him go. He was to return in two months, when his sick leave would expire. He wrote daily, for the first fortnight in English, then in French, when he was compelled, by his ignorance of the language, to write what he *could*, rather than what he *would*. Lady Yorke had taken the precaution to inquire if Monsieur D—— had daughters, and finding that the eldest was an ugly, turned-up-nosed girl of twelve years, she rested in peace. But let no mother, with an unmarried son of eighteen, rest in peace, if the youth be a baronet, and heir to a fine fortune. Monsieur D——, on receiving Sir Eustace Yorke, and finding out his future wealth, sent for his eldest daughter, who was a governess in England. Eustace knew nothing of French,

and the tall, fine-looking young woman of twenty-seven years was invaluable in teaching him, and interpreting his English to her family. She was well-informed, too, and her advantage in age, with a youth, she knew how to turn to good account. An English girl might have done it clumsily ; a French woman understood the business perfectly.

Eustace fell in love with the stately Claudine ; but he had been brought up in rigid notions of equity in pecuniary matters, and as soon as he had acquired sufficient French to go about at Fontainebleau, without the accompaniment of any of Monsieur D——'s family, several of the tradesmen entreated his interest with Monsieur D—— to settle their small accounts, which had been unpaid for many months. He had seen a love of little luxuries in good eating and ornaments in his cherished Claudine, which now

revolted his mind, accustomed as he had been to the strict idea of justice imbibed from his mother. He took an early opportunity of asking Claudine whether the allegations of the tradesmen were correct. She flushed slightly, and said she supposed so.

“Then, it seems to me, mademoiselle,” said Eustace, who in becoming a soldier had not forgotten his naval sincerity, “that you do that which is dishonest in purchasing anything beyond what is absolutely necessary for existence, till your tradesmen are satisfied.”

She was sure she spent “very little,” she replied.

“You have brandy and water every night for supper, English beer for dinner; you bought a parasol yesterday, and a veil the day before,” said the unpitying Eustace.

“The brandy and beer were ordered by the doctor for my health.”

“And the parasol and veil too?” rejoined the youth.

“Yes, for the health of my complexion. My nose was becoming so burnt.”

She smiled, but there was no answering smile on the face of her companion. She went on—

“My father has been in difficulties—but we are paying off by degrees. Your salary, which is paid so regularly, helps to pay off part of the bills. I see how high are your principles—would I had been thus educated! I will do all I can to imitate you!” *Sotto voce*: “Intolerable prig! I’ll teach him how to spend his money when I am Milady Yorke!”

From that hour Mademoiselle Claudine drank her bottled beer and brandy and water in her own room. The parasol was put away, and she told Eustace she had induced the shop-keeper to take it back.

Eustace, sincere and truthful himself, believed all she said, and had the pleasure of thinking that he had directed a noble heart aright. He felt that a sum ridiculously large was paid to Monsieur D—— for his board and tuition, and he did not choose to exceed the income to which he was entitled, whilst under age.

One thing was in his power—his expenditure should be reduced to the smallest limits, that he might not have on his conscience any indulgences on his own part, to increase the sums owing to the tradesmen. For the last three weeks of his stay at Fontainebleau, he existed on dry toast and coffee, without sugar or milk, and returned to Myra a handsome skeleton.

It was some little time before she discovered the cause of his emaciation ; and when he did mention it, it was only to have

the pleasure of praising Claudine, and proving how noble she was in following the right path as soon as it was pointed out to her.

Myra assented with her lips, and determined to keep a keen look-out on the future. She knew, with her shrewdness and her thirty-eight years contact with woman-kind, all their wonderful varieties of artifice.

“How far is his heart entangled, I wonder?” was the question she asked herself.

One morning, when Eustace was out with his gun, the post brought a foreign letter on thin paper, evidently crossed and re-crossed—post-mark, “Fontainebleau.” Poor mother! how she loathed the thin, spider-legs kind of handwriting!—how she longed to throw the letter into the fire! The

temptation was strong, but Myra's sense of honour was stronger, and she sat down to her breakfast with a sick heart.

"They correspond, then!" she said. She would ask the question before she gave him the letter. "Eustace," she said, with a trembling voice, "do you correspond with any of the D—— family?"

"No," was the prompt reply; "Monsieur D—— told me that Claudine would write to me, and I replied that I hoped he would do me the honour of addressing me himself, if any circumstance made it necessary. But why do you ask? Is there a letter?—has she written?" he said, his face beaming with joy.

"Yes, here is a letter, in a woman's hand." Myra would not say a lady's hand, she was too angry—too angry for her usual tact—she gave way to some of the impetuosity of her youth. "Eustace, why

does Mademoiselle D—— write to you?— what can she have to say?”

“How can I tell,” said Eustace, looking very conscious, “till I read her letter?” holding out his hand for it.

“Listen, Eustace—this is an artful woman, double your age, who wants to entrap you into marriage.”

Eustace felt his face flush with anger, but he answered in a measured tone—

“You are mistaken, my mother. Mademoiselle D—— is incapable of trying to entrap anyone.” His experience in the Navy had taught him self-command.

“Eustace, I entreat you to put the letter in the fire without reading it.”

“Mother”—there was a long pause, then he spoke again—“when I had been one day working hard in the hot sun in the battery, moving powder and shot, Douglas poured out a glass of something which he

said was ginger-beer, and placed it to my lips. I seized it greedily, for I was heated, and the only water was that which the ditches yielded, muddy enough, and polluted often by human blood. It was not ginger-beer, but champagne; and thirsty as I was, I gave it back untasted, for I remembered your wish that I should never drink anything stronger than coffee. That temptation was great, but you require now a greater sacrifice in desiring me not to read a letter from a girl I love—the *first* letter I have ever had from any woman; but,” added he with inexpressible sweetness—“but I should not have been alive now, had you not nursed me in that fearful hospital. Take the letter, mother.”

Lady Yorke took the letter, but she was touched to the heart by her son's duty; and with victory came the mercy of a victor.

“Take it and read it yourself, my son,”

said she ; “only remember that I believe her to be an artful and designing—”

“And *I know*,” said the youth, “she is incapable of—or, rather, far too elevated in her principles to have any *arrière pensée*. We shall see,” continued Eustace, triumphantly opening his letter. Like the roll of Ezekiel, it was written within and without.

Eustace read eagerly. Presently his countenance fell ; he tore the carefully-composed letter, so full of studied artlessness, into twenty pieces, and flung it into the fire. His face was suffused with a deep flush.

“What is it ?”

“Only, mother, that I believe you are right. The first sentence was an entreaty that I would never tell you the subject of this letter ; and, if possible, conceal the fact of my having received it. I do not feel that I am bound, as a son, to show it to you ; but I believe you are the best of friends, and

as a friend I should conceal nothing from you. If I had read Mademoiselle D——'s letter, I could in honour never have told you the subject which she desires me to conceal. I admit at once that there seems a suspicion of artifice in this request. However, I have put it out of my power now," he said gloomily, as he watched the last sparks dying away in the shrivelled and blackened paper.

"I thank you, my son," said Myra; "I think you will never regret this sacrifice in the future."

"In the future, perhaps not. I cannot say that I do not regret it now," Eustace said petulantly, twitching his arm away from the pressure of her hand, which she had placed kindly on it.

Lady Yorke was too wise to remonstrate. She was content with the result.

"That vile girl!" she exclaimed, when

she was alone, and then laughed at her own violence. "After all, she is only trying 'to better herself,' as the servants say. I must take care that she does it not at my expense."

After four days had elapsed, Eustace came from the post, bearing a letter, unopened, in the same writing, and with the same post-mark. This time Mademoiselle D—— had ordered the letter to be left till called for at the post. Eustace came and held it before Lady Yorke, and then, without speaking, after a pause, that she might see it was unopened, flung it into the fire. He looked flushed and worried, thinking no doubt that it was full of tender reproaches for his silence. A third letter came, which shared a similar fate.

"This is too much," said Eustace—"the continual strife wears me out. Could you not write a complimentary letter of thanks

to Monsieur D—for the trouble he has taken with my French?—for in that, at least, you can have nothing to complain. I will make a little excursion for a few days, and then, with a quiet conscience, you may say I am from home.”

Lady Yorke did this, and got no letter in reply. Mademoiselle Claudine seemed discouraged by the silence of her lover, and wrote no longer; and then Eustace seemed disappointed when, on his return, he found no news had come from Fontainebleau.

CHAPTER XI.

“ I feel the love I give to thee
 Is like the sun’s meridian glow,
 And that which thou returnst to me
 Its reflex from the untouched snow,—

“ Or like the smile that plays upon
 The warrior’s lip compressed, which he
 Turns on the page who aids him don
 His armour’s glittering panoply.”

HELEN CARR.

BUT events were now to occur which wrung with grief many a sylvan household, and sent a thrill of unspeakable horror through the whole civilized world. Our Indian Empire was shaken to its very foundations, with that which was called mutiny, but was rebellion. Eustace could hardly sit still as the sheets of the *Times* gave the intelligence of each

Indian mail. He wrote to Messrs. Cox and Co.—was there any chance of the —— being ordered to India?

“None at present,” was the answer.

“Mother, I am not fit for this life—resting at home with you, whilst our countrywomen are outraged, their children cut piecemeal, and their husbands massacred. I wonder *any* man can stay at home, and *I*, a soldier——”

“You are right, my boy,” said Myra, sadly, and turning very pale—she had been expecting the blow daily, and it had come; “we will try if we can manage an exchange; but oh! Eustace, you are still feeble!” and her voice breaking into a sob—for though a high-souled woman, she was but human, after all—she added, “I have but you; and first there was the Crimea, then Scutari, and now you want to leave me again!”

“I should have been a girl, mother, for your sake. It is not a man’s place to remain by household hearths when stirring deeds are to be done, and frightful crimes to be avenged. *Pray* don’t cry—I *cannot* bear it!” he added, impatiently.

So Myra dried her tears, and kissed his forehead slightly. The exhibition of her emotion was unusual, and few caresses ever passed between mother and son; but probably there were not another mother and son so devoted to each other in the world.

So to India he went. He left her at two o’clock in the morning of the 31st of December. She saw his dog-cart go away into the darkness, and listening at the open door, the sounds on the frosty road became less and less, till through the gloom in the distance she heard the click of the latch of the park gate, as it swung to after his departure through it; and then the poor lady retreated

to her bed-room, leaving untasted the hot coffee she had prepared for him, and which he had not had time to drink, and kneeling by her bedside, she covered her face with her hands, and wept and prayed by turns.

CHAPTER XII.

“ Oh, well for him whose will is strong—
 He suffers, but he will not suffer long—
 He suffers, but he will not suffer wrong.”

TENNYSON.

“ ‘ To stand and wait ’ is a discipline most irksome to a young and impatient spirit, eager to be up and doing.”

DURING the passage round the Cape, Eustace strove to fix his attention on the study of Hindostani. His head, dizzy from the lurching of the vessel, reeled from the effort to learn the characters of the alphabet—so puzzling to the beginner. He had exchanged at the last moment into the —— Lancers, and joining the vessel after it had sailed, he knew none of the officers, and lacked sympathy and companionship.

There seems to be an inherent determination in all men to bristle up against a new-comer. If he be strong in his single power, they band themselves against him. If timid, feeble, and retiring, they jostle him about, metaphysically knock him over and walk over him.

The officers of Yorke's new regiment voted him a prig and a bore because he drank no fluid stronger than coffee, and neither played cards nor betted. The colonel in command of the detachment, who did both, reprimanded him for having joined after the vessel had sailed. He supposed Sir Eustace Yorke, like other young men, had been *larking* in London till the last moment, instead of ordering his outfit, and making himself acquainted with his regimental duties. Eustace contented himself with a quiet negative, and stated that he had started as soon as he had heard of

his having been exchanged into the ——
Lancers.

At the mess one of the young officers, winking at the rest, as Eustace's plate was passed up for some rice pudding, covered it with salt before it was returned to him. Eustace found it out at the first spoonful, but finished it with an unmoved countenance, and the officers, who were all eager for the excitement of a row or a laugh, were disappointed by the immobility of the subject of the joke. They "could not make Yorke out," they said.

His own sufferings from *mal de mer*, which he had never quite got over whilst in the Navy, did not make him unmindful of those of his horses. He braved the stench of their compartments daily to sponge their frothy mouths with clean water, and to see that all that could be done for their comfort and cleanliness was done. He represented

the neglect with which the rest were treated to the colonel, who snubbed him for the information, but acted on it. Eustace cared nothing for the snub, and the horses cared a great deal for their improved condition.

On rounding the Cape, Eustace, with two of the officers of the —th, went on shore to scale the Table Mountain. Accustomed in the Crimea to extremities of heat and cold, which sometimes occur in that usually genial climate, Eustace prepared himself for the excursion with the wisdom of experience. The other two went in their ordinary attire ; consequently, one of them sank down in sudden insensibility from sunstroke, and his familiar friend, terrified at his own possible fate, hurried on, leaving the young man extended on the ground, with a purple flush on his face, helpless, and apparently dying. Eustace dragged the heavy and inanimate body to the shade of a tree, and

loosening all the ligatures of his companion's dress, he succeeded in pouring some brandy down his throat, and then, filling his cap from a stream hard by, he dashed the water freely over his face and head. Eustace knew that sunstroke produced paralysis of the brain, and that brandy was the best remedy.

Rather anxiously, however, he watched by him. It seemed brutal to leave him, yet the sacrifice of losing his passage to India, where he longed to be engaged in active service, was great, and he knew that "time and tide stay for no man."

At length a spasm passed over the face of the invalid, and Eustace watched him narrowly, to see if it were for life or death. The young man opened his eyes, and uttered some familiar household name, believing that, though ill, he was at home. After gazing blankly at the strange foliage of the tree to the shadow of which Eustace

had dragged him, he recalled confusedly something of the past, and said,

“Where is Lymerton?”

“Mr. Lymerton has gone forward.”

“And you stayed?”

“I don’t see how I could have left you,” replied Eustace.

“Lymerton did—a sneak!”

“Perhaps Mr. Lymerton has gone to the boat to obtain assistance; but you had better try to rise now. There, can you get along leaning on me?”

“How my head aches!”

“Yes—I fear that is inevitable, but we must get along, if we do not wish the ship to sail without us.”

When they had regained the beach, they found that the boat had pulled off to a short distance from the shore, to return to the ship without them; but, on hearing the shouts of Eustace, the crew returned and

took them into the boat, where they found Lieutenant Lymerton, looking very sheepish.

“I am much obliged for your kind care of me, Lymerton,” said Graham; “I might have been dead but for Yorke!”

“Oh! hang it, my good fellow!—I felt very ill myself!” replied the lieutenant. “‘Every one for himself, and God for us all,’ you know.”

The account of the different treatment Graham had received from the two young men produced a favourable impression in Yorke’s favour on board the ship; yet his brother-officers could not forgive Eustace the isolation caused by his determination to study.

“What nonsense it is, Yorke, that you should go on worrying your brains with that fearful stuff!—you will learn much faster by leaving it alone, and taking lessons from a moonshee, when you arrive in India.”

“You think so?” was the tranquil response.

“Yes, of course—all sensible people think so;” and, with increasing aggravation, “I can’t think how a young fellow like you, with lots of tin and all that, can go through such disgusting drudgery!”

“I daresay *you* cannot.”

“But what’s the good of it?”

“It will make all the difference when you get to India, whether you are dependent on others or independent.”

“Oh! but you will never be able to learn enough to talk it when you arrive.”

“Probably not; but I shall be on the high road towards the attainment of my object.”

“Come, let us have a game of *vingt-un*.”

“I know no game of cards.”

“You will soon learn—’tis easier than Hindostani.”

“Probably,” said Eustace, drily—“I’ll take your word for it.”

“He *is* a muff, after all,” said Lymerton, with a sigh. “’Tis a pity, too—he’s not a bad fellow!” with lofty contempt.

When they arrived at Kirkee, Eustace presented a letter of introduction from the colonel of his old regiment, the — Light Dragoons, to the major of his present regiment, and in Sir William Scott he found a true, and, in many respects, a congenial friend. He wanted all the consolation which this friendship could bestow, for, whilst stirring deeds were transacted in Central India, his regiment remained inactive at Kirkee. Then, depressed by compelled tranquillity, and borne down by the unaccustomed heat, it required all the energy and determination of a powerful mind to chain itself to the study of a difficult language, when bodily strength was eager to

exert itself in revenging the wrongs of his countrymen and women. Time and the hour runs through not only the roughest, but the most tedious day.

The worst part of the mutiny was over, but the leaders were still lurking in the wilds of Central India—dispersed, but not subdued, and ready to re-unite against British authority, so soon as circumstances seemed to hold out any feasible opportunity. To hunt these men down seemed the legitimate occupation of the cavalry; and one evening the colonel entered the mess-room in a state of great excitement. A squadron of the — Lancers, two companies of the — regiment, and some hundred native soldiers, were to march at once, under the command of Sir William Scott, *en route* for Aurungabad, to pursue some marauding tribes.

But where was the gallant Major? No

one but Eustace knew in what woodland recesses he had concealed himself, to indulge in the destruction of a wild boar. The Major had considered himself put upon with regard to leave, and had taken care not to be recalled before his time, by leaving his place of retreat a secret. The Colonel stamped and swore in vain. Eustace looked particularly quiet and stolid, and asked whether, if the Major were found, he (Eustace) might be one of the expedition to Aurungabad. The Colonel saw a glimpse of daylight dawning on his perplexities, and assented; on which Eustace took a trooper's horse, and, with that unerring instinct which always seems to guide a sailor by the most direct road across country, galloped thirty miles at a stretch, and carried the intelligence to his friend, whose eyes sparkled at the idea of exchanging a boar for a human hunt.

They returned, and by Eustace's precaution in taking the troop horse, his two horses were fresh for the inland journey. Graham, who was of the party, had the misfortune of throwing down his horse a few yards from the barrack.

"You must return," was the order; and Eustace, his own breast palpitating with eagerness for service, pitied the disappointment which clouded the brow of the young man.

"You shall have one of mine till you can get another," he said good-naturedly; a sacrifice which a man who thoroughly loves his horses, and hates to have their mouths ruined by ignorant hands, can only appreciate.

The offer was accepted, and Graham did not think Eustace quite so great a muff as he had done.

Eustace's pulses bounded with delight

at the thought of active service. He grieved at the absurdities of our military system—he was indignant when in May, one of the hottest months of India, he saw his men on parade drop one by one from the suffocation caused by their tight stocks, and buttoned-up cloth clothes, which were considered warm enough to protect them from winter's cold on the Curragh. He was but nineteen, but he thought what he might accomplish when he could obtain the command of some irregular cavalry. Better, he thought, to command doubtful natives, well equipped for Indian warfare, than our own brave fellows, rendered useless and cramped by the absurd paraphernalia forced on them by the authorities.

A few weeks later an opportunity offered for carrying out part of his wishes, and the Bombay Cavalry being deficient in officers, he volunteered to take charge of a squad-

ron, and in different actions contrived to do good service with doubtful materials.

One of these encounters with the rebels he thus described to Graham, who had been left sick at Aurungabad—and whose conviction of the *muffishness* of Yorke's character had long since melted away before the warm approbation our hero always extorted from his commanding officers:—

“DEAR GRAHAM,

“ I heard from O—— that you desired to hear what we have been doing. I cannot promise you that you will be much interested, but confinement to a sofa without books or newspapers very much quickens one's intellectual appetite, even for dry subjects.

“ We began with a long and fatiguing march from Serai to the river, through jungle, no one knowing the way; and on

reaching the river banks, we found them so steep that we had to cut a road down to it. To have to stop and make one's own road is rather irksome, and however respectable the occupation of Macadam, I have no wish again to encroach on his proper vocation, especially when one is, like the Earl of Chatham,

‘Up, and longing to be at ’em.’

“It took all that day and the next to accomplish this, and to get over, when we found that we had to ascend a mountain-pass held by the inhabitants of Bundle, who, being in the interests of the rebels, refused to allow our progress. ‘I never dispute a point with one of your race,’ says Stern to the mule; and I suppose our general imagined that a dispute with the Bundlecundlers might result only in loss of time without any acquisition of honour, so we

plodded along the jungle on the river's bank, and left the Bundlecundlers to enjoy the honours of their Thermopylæ without the risk. Indeed, not having infantry, we might have had, like the heroes described by our bygone British poet, to have

‘Rode over cliffs that were quite perpendicular.’

“We joined Colonel L—— by forced marches. It always happens that when good health is important, I am always ill. When the attack was made on the Redan, I was suffering from a three days’ attack of cholera; now I managed to injure my feeble arm, which began to inflame at the old wound.

“That night we had orders to march north-west, but on information that the rebels had encamped at Sindwaho, we marched thither; when the enemy’s pickets, having seen that we had only cavalry, the

infantry being a mile in the rear, retired, and gave notice to the rebels, who immediately got under arms in a strong position on a low range of hills. They had about 10,000 men, and four guns very well placed.

“ We halted for about twenty minutes, and then advanced at a trot, till we drew their fire. When the action commenced our four six-pounders were opposite to their guns, supported by a troop of hussars, and the Janjagobhang Irregulars. On the left the infantry were coming up a mile and a half at a quick double, as they were making for the village of Sherghotty, which lay between them and the rebels. They were unperceived by the enemy. On the right were one squadron of the 98th Hussars, one squadron of the 67th Lancers, and one and a half squadron of Punjâb Lancers. Between us and the enemy was a field of

Jowarry about ten or eleven feet high.

“The game began by the rebels sending a body of infantry down to the village to turn our left, whilst their cavalry came down to attack our right, and a line of infantry advanced on the right of our guns, and got into the field of Jowarry. This obliged the guns to move to the left, and we went to their right to draw their fire, in which we succeeded perfectly to our own dissatisfaction. O—— did not quite understand what he was to do, so I cantered over to the General to ask. A round shot, which passed close to us, made my grey horse rear and plungè unpleasantly. I came back with the order that we were to draw all the fire on ourselves, to spare the artillery; so we remained with about twenty impertinent fellows, themselves safely concealed in the Jowarry, close to us, picking us off at their pleasure, and a white line of the enemy

about two hundred yards distant in front of us, with the four guns, which the rebels, unable to see our artillery, directed against us.

“Several shots pitched successively in front of the squadron, when presently horses and men began to fall, one shot killing the left troop leader and his horse, and the following one front and the two rear rank horses and their riders. This caused considerable uneasiness in the squadron, and to divert their thoughts I turned about, and facing them, made them tell off as if on parade. I then felt for the first time how difficult it was to sit quietly with one’s back turned in the presence of a great danger, knowing that if I fell I should not lie

“With my back to the field, and my feet to the foe,”

but in a position directly the reverse. I was glad when I had got them steady

again, and could afford to turn about, and see what was going on.

“When I had returned from the General, O—— had asked me to take the command of the squadron, as he was so short-sighted, and suffering from inflammation in the eyes. The enemy’s line in front having advanced a little, one of them sent a bullet over my head, and hit the trumpeter behind the rear rank.

“We now tried to get our skirmishers out to drive them back, but they would not follow the native officers, and though I begged leave to go, O—— refused, finding himself so helpless without me, on account of his inflamed eyes.

“When the men came down in front of us and fired, O—— asked me if we should charge. I said no. ‘Those men are the other side of a nullah, and we should lose our lives in it for nothing.’ Lower down,

the ditch being unperceived, several of the 8th Hussars lost their lives in it.

“ Colonel C——, —— Bombay Lancers—who was senior officer to the right, his left resting on our Jowarry field, which covered a large tract of ground—had received orders from the senior in command not to attack, but to avoid an engagement. When the enemy’s skirmishers came down, he went threes right, and led off to the right rear at a trot. Sir William Scott called out, but Colonel C—— said his orders were imperative. The enemy followed, firing, and came down at charge. Sir William cried out, ‘Orders be damned! I won’t run away! Halt, front! Forward! Charge!’ and away he went, Colonel C—— following suit. The boldest of the enemy’s sowahs came across the nullah, and were killed by our people; and many of our soldiers went over it, but it was so danger-

ous, that Sir William Scott sounded the rally, and would not let his men proceed. It was thirty-five feet in width, and two feet of water in it, with easy banks, but with mud so soft and tenacious, that it retained men and horses as bird-lime holds its unfortunate feathered prey. Rebels, lancers, and hussars all tumbled into it together, where the rebels contrived to cut off the heads of the horsemen with extraordinary rapidity. Our small force lost twenty-six horses in this nullah from their riders falling.

“When Scott charged, the rebels fled; only about three hundred held their ground, and many of these were killed.

“We were ordered off to the right, and when my left flank was clear of the Jowarry field, twelve men ran out of it and formed up. O—— was just pointing to a crowd of their infantry who were bolting, and proposed to

pursue. ‘Better kill as we go,’ said I, for I owed my Jowarry friends a grudge. I called to C——, who commanded the left troop—

“ ‘Left wheel, and cut up those men!’

“C——’s men refused to follow him, so I naturally went myself.

“The next thing I remember is being about eighteen yards from them, and seeing no one but O——, who was firing a pistol, and one man making ready to rush at me. Then came a volley, and I only recollect finding myself about forty yards back—about twenty men around the right division of the squadron, the rest disappearing into the high Jowarry, and my twelve enemies standing erect and defiant.

“ ‘Oh, men of mine!’ I exclaimed, ‘whose sisters are no better than they should be! What do you fear? Is this your boasted regiment, which did wonders in Persia?’

“O——’s old subadar pretended to spur his horse, holding his mouth very tight all the while. I defiled all the female relations of my soldiers, and cried aloud—

“ ‘Kali Khan!’

“One of them, who had his carbine ready, said, ‘Come on, Sahib!’

“And I really thought he meant business, so I put my horse at the little group at a canter. The coward went off on my left, and, when fifteen yards distance, fired his carbine and cantered away. It was too late then to retreat, though twelve men to one was an unpleasant odds; but I kept the head of the grey straight, and when I raised my sword, five men raised their muskets together and pointed them at my head. I saw their fingers on the triggers, and ducked to the left under my horse’s head, so that the bullets whizzed over my head, and

killed some horses and their riders behind me.

“The corner man now dropped his musket, and drawing a two-handed sword, rushed at me.

“‘Come on, Sahib! I’ll fight you!’ he said.

“‘Not on these terms,’ I replied, in his own language, and turned my horse so as to present to him my right side—my left arm being nearly useless. He made a strong cut with his sword at my leg, but I moved the grey forward—(blessings on his delicate mouth!) and the rebel’s sword hit the ground so hard, that he overbalanced himself and fell on his face.

“I could not get my sword back far enough to give him a poke in the back, as I longed to have done. All this time the other men were pointing their muskets now

at me, now at themselves, in the wildest confusion, and all passed so speedily that an instant only seemed to have elapsed after my calling ‘Kali Khan.’

“I remained near my enemy, who had recovered his feet, and we were again engaged. Kali, in answer to my voice, came up behind and made a cut at his neck. To perform this feat he had ridden through the enemy, knocking them over like nine-pins.

“When I said, ‘ch!’ in a tone of disgust—for it was a splendid cut missed, Kali Khan must have heard me, for he turned his horse, and fairly rode under the man’s guard, who, striking at the boy’s head, missed it, and the big sword cut through the crupper into the horse’s back; but Kali gave him one on the skull which made me quite easy about my brave chum; so I left him to finish the man, and turned to the two alongside.

“The three troopers were now coming up, and these men threw down their arms and said, ‘Shoot us, Sahib!’

“I desired the troopers to do so, and went after a fine fellow who was making off, whom, at the beginning of the engagement, I suspected to have been one of the Jowarry men.

“‘I have an account to settle with you, my friend,’ said I; so I set the grey after him with intense satisfaction. I closed on my adversary, and he halted and faced me on a bit of rising ground. As I came on, he clubbed his musket, but, in doing this, got flurried, the bayonet catching in his cummerbund. My blood was up, and I had no wish to stop the career of the grey. Just as I made my rush, his ear caught the distant tramp of the 8th Hussars, who, however, were too far off to have injured him. His eye glanced to his right, and at that moment

my sword entered under his left arm, raised to strike me with the musket, and coming out on the other side, went up to within eight inches of the hilt. He sank lifeless at my feet, and I went after another, and another, who, dispirited, laid down their arms, and whom I desired the 8th Hussars to finish.

“An unconscionably long letter, old fellow, and I daresay you are as tired of reading as I am of writing it.

“This warfare, when no prisoners are taken, requires all the memory of ‘the ladies and the babies’ to justify it. But I see no remedy—’tis the fortune of war; and ‘those who have sown the wind must reap the whirlwind.’

“Dear Graham, yours truly,

“EUSTACE YORKE.”

Eustace was but a youth, and with a

youth's impetuosity, this sometimes got him into scrapes. He had this great qualification for a cavalry officer—care of, and humanity towards, his troop horses. Eustace, who had given his only blanket in the Crimean winter to cover his pony, was not likely to have grown less thoughtful and humane from three years added life. On his journey up the country, he came to a village, and required of the chief magistrate provision for his horses; they had come a considerable distance without food.

Nothing could be more subservient and cringing than the native, who was, however, in the interest of the rebels, and wished to gain time—"The food should be forthcoming in an hour; if not, the roofs should be stripped of thatch for the Sahib's horses."

Eustace waited and remonstrated, from eight in the morning till one in the day—five hours. Then, taking the law into his

own hands, he searched the village, and found nearly enough food for an army, to say nothing of a squadron. His horses were fed ; but Eustace had a great notion of retributive justice. He had the chief magistrate brought out, and had three dozen lashes administered to him, to his own intense satisfaction, and to the horror of all true believers. Complaints came in from all quarters of the brutality of that young officer, Sir Eustace Yorke. The British *sympathisers* with the humane and much-enduring Sepoys in arms were furious, and demanded a court-martial on Eustace, and that he should be dismissed the service. Have a magistrate flogged ! The General inquired of Sir William Scott, who knew nothing about it, but declared himself ready to uphold his subordinate in anything he had done.

The General desired the culprit to call on him and explain his conduct. This Eustace

did very simply, by relating the circumstances which had led to the punishment.

The General, in his early career, had been summoned to a council of war, to decide how some warlike Caffirs were to be beaten. He was late in his attendance—having to make his apology for seeming discourtesy, which was, simply, that he had thought it best to go and beat the hostile tribes first, and had done so thoroughly. This was never forgiven by the members of the council.

A man of this stamp was not likely to consider the offence of Eustace as very heinous. He turned his head aside to hide a smile at the young officer's keen administration of justice, and asked him to dinner.

In October Eustace passed his examination in Hindostani with credit; in November he was appointed Staff Officer to Colonel S——, and conducted the rapid pursuits of the rebels. Soon after he became Brigade

Major to General B——, commanding Irregular Horse.

I have no intention to describe his career more closely. A man's life is one of toil, if glory and distinction are to be gained. The duties of Eustace compelled him not only to give his time to the training of his men, to the use of arms and horses, but to sit for days and hours, with the thermometer at 108°, going over intricate accounts of claims for pay, and seemingly inextricable difficulties in bygone sums expended, and unaccounted for by his predecessors—or accounted for, but not balanced with any accuracy. Often, with weary eyes and brain, he longed to throw up the whole affair, and return to England. Action he longed for; but to sit for days counting up annas and rupees, and striving to do justice, for which he would never gain any credit, and which

could be known only to himself—this was trying to a youth of twenty-one; yet this he did, arguing that the consciousness of having neglected a duty would disturb him more than the difficulty of its accomplishment could weary him. But pleasures came sometimes, rude and savage in their nature, but none the less valued on that account by the young soldier. It appears strange that the instinct, seemingly bestowed at the creation, to hunt down the inferior animals for the purposes of subsistence, should survive so long the necessity for which it was given.

I am sorry that my hero should have thought that the summit of human happiness, when living in the jungle, was a boar-hunt, or, as he called it, “pig-sticking,” thereby depriving it of any halo of romance. Yet I must confess the truth. No human creature

is perfect. Had Eustace Yorke been nearer perfection, he would have left the sounder alone, and the hyena also. But I anticipate.

CHAPTER XIII.

“The boar is roused, and springs amain,
 Like lightning sudden on the warrior train,
 Beats down the trees before him, shakes the ground,
 The forest echoes to the crackling sound ;
 Shout the fierce youth, and clamour ring around.”

DRYDEN.

“**I**S the Commandant within?” cried out Graham, as he pulled up his clever little pony at Eustace Yorke’s hut. (Hut it might be termed, but in reality it was a tent, with an outside covering of bamboo walls, coated with dried grass.)

“Yes, sir,” replied a boy, springing up from a mat in the doorway, “but he is very busy.”

“Come in, Graham,” shouted Yorke.

“Here, you boy, hold the pony. What !

still at work, Yorke?" said Graham, on entering. "Why, you will kill yourself in six months."

"I think not, my good fellow ; and before the time you are kind enough to allot me is expired, I shall, I hope, have finished these accounts, and shall be on my way to England."

"I have come to beg you to give up to-morrow to me?"

"Impossible. I am still two thousand pounds out in these wretched accounts, and the man who was to have enlightened me as to some of last year's pay lists is too ill to remember anything."

"You don't mean to say that old Firebrand trusted the accounts to the men's memories?"

"Yes, I have to collect my information in that way."

"Well, as the individual is ill, you may

as well come with me to-morrow to hunt at Sadowra, for I cannot go alone, and there is no one else here who will ride straight enough to kill a pig."

"Very well, I will go, and will tell you at dinner what the arrangements are, if, as I suppose, you intend me to make them?"

"Yes."

"Well, *au revoir*, for I must work till dinner-time."

Eustace bent down again over his table, now and then addressing a word in Persian to a native accountant who sat at his feet, and who had watched Yorke's face with some little anxiety till he had agreed to Graham's proposition. Poor Mosuffer Beg! he had been sitting in that same place since 8 o'clock in the morning, and, wearied by the incessant toil Yorke imposed on himself and all his subordi-

nates, looked forward with great joy to the partial holiday on the morrow.

Stimulated with the prospect, however, he now brightened up, and worked willingly till Yorke's dressing-boy reminded his master for the third time that the dinner-hour had come. Starting up, Yorke swept several piles of rupees arranged on a table in front of him—for he had been receiving money for Government that day—into a large chest, on which a sentry standing ready was immediately placed.

"Tell your father, boy," said Yorke, "I will give him orders for to-morrow while I dress."

"I am present, your Excellency," said a tall handsome man, the chief of Yorke's servants.

"I hunt to-morrow at Shadowra—twenty-six miles, I believe; make all arrangements."

“Good, your Excellency—there are but two questions.”

“Well?”

“Will you have the ponies at six or eight mile stages?”

“Six.”

“And how many beaters?”

“Oh! two hundred and fifty. We had two hundred last time, and there were not enough. You will give orders to have me called at a quarter before three o’clock.”

At dinner Yorke told Graham to be ready at three o’clock; and then nothing more was said on the subject—Graham trusting implicitly to Yorke, while he trusted to his servant.

At the hour ordered, Yorke’s dressing-boy entered the inner apartment of his master’s tent, and having aroused him, disappeared to fetch some coffee which was placed ready on a slow fire. Eustace was

but just out of his tub when Graham entered and sat down to the coffee and biscuits which Mahomed had placed on the table.

“Where is our first change, Yorke?”

“At Kolagoum, about six miles off.”

“What! have you got them all at six mile stages?”

“Yes, I told my servant I wished to lose no time on the road; and now, if you have done with that coffee, we will be off.”

As they went out and mounted, it seemed impossible to ride far and fast, for the moon had sunk, and the stars gave but a dim light.

“Go first, Yorke; you have been there once before.”

Kicking their ponies, they started at a canter across the plain on which Loona stands. Having ridden over it for a mile, Eustace now struck into a small footpath, and increased his pace to a gallop, which

was maintained till they had gone nearly five miles, when he began a long peculiar cry, which was taken up at intervals by Graham.

Such is the custom on all stages in India, where the voice takes the use of the mail-coach horn in England, and warns the grooms at next posting-house to have a change of horses ready.

Putting up at a small cluster of houses, they were accosted by the grooms holding two ponies, bridled and saddled.

“Ready, Sahib.”

“Where’s the next change?”

“Kolookeera, about six and a half miles.”

And they started, as before, cantering slowly for the first mile till the ponies recovered their wind. How Eustace found his way would seem marvellous to an Englishman accustomed only to roads, lanes, or

well-beaten tracks. No man, however, had travelled for greater distances in India by night, and in a strange country, than our hero, and certainly now his experience and memory showed to advantage.

The path, for it was no more, was used only by bullocks, which in that part of the country are the only means of transporting grain or merchandise from village to village. Often they galloped through streams, to the imminent risk of the riders' necks, and the knees of the ponies; for, as it never occurred to Yorke to check his pony, they frequently floundered about in the holes caused by the bullocks standing on the edge of the streams, and stamping to rid themselves of their relentless tormentors, the horse-flies.

At the fourth change the grooms offered some boiling milk, which an old man had prepared against the arrival of Yorke, in

return for some small act of kindness, performed when he was last in the district.

Just as the daylight was breaking, they rode up to Shadowra, a small town standing on the bank of a winding river, and surrounded by trees. Under the walls some two hundred and fifty or three hundred shivering labourers were squatting. The huntsman sprang up, and in reply to Yorke's eager questions, assured him of there being a sounder (herd) of pigs near at hand. A deputy of the chief of the village now appeared to announce the speedy arrival of his master, but Eustace had already put his beaters in motion, and sending back a message to the mayor, to request him to call in about four hours, he mounted the favourite grey Arab which Kali Khan, the orderly, had brought to Shadowra the previous evening, and cantered off to join Graham, who, with the beaters, was moving

across the plain to some isolated hills which rose up a considerable height from the level country on which they stood, being separated by a broad and gentle valley, about two miles broad, from a lower but more extensive range. Arriving at the foot of one of the lesser and isolated hills, the beaters were formed in a crescent, and then the whole advanced, Yorke and Graham placing themselves in front of the forward arms of the half circle. The party had advanced scarcely one hundred yards when Graham cried,

“Look out, Yorke!—to your right front!”

On the top of a conical hill, slightly separated from the highest of the isolated ground, there stood one pig, as if sentry over a herd. The beaters were too far distant to cut him off from the highest hill, and by running there he might disturb

other game, so the advancing line were ordered to move on slowly, and Eustace galloped up the hill to turn the pig down to Graham, who remained in the valley.

On reaching the summit, Eustace plunged into some thick bushes, his horse falling nearly on its head, and thereby startling two sambas or large deer, which, unused to the sight of a sportsman, were in no great hurry to make off. Nothing could Yorke see of the pig, and he went down to rejoin Graham, passing through the line of beaters, who now ascended the hill to beat the bushes there thoroughly.

“Away!—away!” shouted the beaters, and Graham and Eustace, turning their horses in opposite directions, rode round the base of the hill, hoping that one might meet the sounder. The natives, however, true to their childish nature, did nothing but shout “Away!” Nor could they be

persuaded by entreaties or imprecations to point out the direction.

Not meeting the sounder, Yorke and Graham now ascended the hill, fearing to miss them altogether, unless they could once obtain a view from commanding ground. Graham had the easier part of the hill, and when Yorke gained its summit Graham had again descended the hill, and, with a start of three hundred yards of Yorke, was riding a boar, with which, however, he was not on good terms. No one who has not had personal experience can credit the powers of speed in a boar, or, still more so, in a boar sow. Unless the sportsman can press them at first, a boar is seldom or never killed fairly by one rider. He will generally manage to escape to thick cover or rocky ground. It is doubtful if the pace of a boar for half a mile is not superior to that of a horse ; but

if both are extended for the first half-mile, a bold rider, with his bamboo spear, can generally account for his game.

Graham, from his bad start, could not press his boar, and was galloping his horse to no purpose. Yorke, as he hurried down the hill, noticed that the boar selected intended to return to the hill, and, extending his horse in long gallop, he rode to cut off the pig's retreat. Till he got off the rocky soil on which the hill stood, the ground, though difficult and destructive to the horse's feet, was sound. Now, however, Eustace was crossing a cotton-field, in the black soil of which were numerous holes, caused by the puddles of water which collected during the rainy season, and being absorbed into the earth from a circular hole, about the size of a hat, and from six inches to two feet in depth. Yorke saw his danger, but he saw also, about two hundred

yards in front of the boar, a thick clump of bushes, and he knew that Graham would lose the pig unless it could be headed ere it reached that refuge. Shouting, he kept on, closing his lips, and crossing his right hand with the spear, over his left hand, on to the reins, while he pressed the spurs to his horse's sides. The gallant grey, however, felt the danger, and, by collecting itself, strove to avoid it. Yorke was just measuring with his eye the distance he had yet to traverse ere he could strike the pig, when his horse put his fore-feet into a hole—crash!—a complete summersault! The horse being cut only on its forehead and head-quarters. Poor Yorke's felt hat was crushed down flat, and his neck driven into his shoulders, so that all the muscles ached for a week afterwards. Staggering up, he snatched at the reins, but the spear, which he still grasped in his hand, seemed to have

become a dozen spears ; while his hands appeared to be incapable of grasping the many sets of reins which his confused brain pictured.

Graham, abandoning his pig, now rode up, and having obtained a supply of water, poured it on the back of Yorke's neck ; and the latter soon declared himself fit for another run, much to the annoyance of Kali Khan, the orderly, who, having now arrived, showed more anxiety for his master than did Graham for his friend.

Kali Khan, who was now endeavouring to aid his master by pouring water on his head and neck, was a model of a light cavalry soldier—five feet six inches in height, small, slight in build, but yet active and wiry ; his weight scarcely exceeded eight stone ; his features were regular, and his hair straight, but the forehead higher, and eyes placed wider apart than is usual amongst

his brethren. Born of noble though poor parents, he had been sent, during the mutiny, to enlist as a barghie, or rider to a wealthy cousin, who owned some twenty horses in the regiment, under an arrangement by which men of position contracted to supply a fully-equipped and trained man at arms for £2. 10s. *per mensem*. Kali Khan had some months previously distinguished himself by his daring horsemanship, and had since been appointed as orderly to Yorke, whom he now scarcely ever left. That morning he had remained at Shadowra till he had seen that Yorke's horses were fed, and had then ridden on to join the hunt.

When Yorke had been made thoroughly wet by the kind attentions of Kali Khan, who pouring water on his master's neck, sent also a considerable quantity down his back, he arose, and declared himself quite ready for another run.

The chief of the beaters, Budge Lal by name, a tall, straight-featured Hindoo, with a squeaking voice, now approached and informed the Englishmen that he understood, in the next hill, which stood many feet higher than that from which the sounder of pigs had been started, a tiger had been seen of late. He believed it to be a panther, but could not state for certain.

“Shall we go, Graham?” said Yorke.

“Oh! yes, we may as well see what the beast is?”

“Well! suppose it is a tiger?”

“Oh! then, if he don’t bolt, we will. I hardly like the chance, but I suppose we must go.”

Yorke and Graham now placed themselves on the slope of the hill, about three hundred yards from the summit, while Budge Lal, having formed the beaters in a long line, ascended the opposite side, his

men making as much noise as possible, to induce the animal to break cover. It could hardly remain, for the din made by the wild shouts of the natives, aided by a dozen tom-toms, or drums, and pipes, was sufficient to alarm any animal, however savage.

Eustace had scarcely chosen his spot, when he saw the furze bushes about a hundred and fifty yards from him pushed aside, and out came a large animal. Seeing the horsemen, it retreated again, as Eustace beckoned Graham to approach.

As Graham came on at a gallop the animal once more appeared, and Graham having his horse in motion obtained a start of Eustace, and charged. It was a large hyena. Coming down a steep hill, with its bristles erect, the falling off of its hind quarters, which in captivity gives it such a mean appearance, was not to be seen. Eustace shouted to be careful, though he himself

urged on his horse to take part in the fray. Graham had missed his first stroke, and now Yorke did the same.

The beaters had emerged on the crest of the hill, and by their presence and tom-toms deterred the hyena from again returning to his lair, and they added to the excitement by their shouts to the horsemen. Kali Khan now tried his hand, but the hyena, though seldom in front of the horses, doubled as skilfully as a hare before greyhounds.

At a short distance lay the line of hills before mentioned. For these the hyena pointed, and once there it would have been safe. Each time, however, it attempted to cross the intervening valley, three reckless horsemen charged home, and barely missed the hyena with the points of their light bamboo spears.

Ten minutes had now elapsed, and the horses, first goaded into a furious gallop,

and then swerved, or pulled up on their haunches, were covered with a lather of foam. Yorke saw that the hyena, already some hundred yards nearer than before to its point of safety, was wearing them out, and that, unless they could disable it at once, the creature would escape. Kali Khan now approached for a charge, and having again escaped the spear, the hyena cantered along on the slopes of the conical hill. Yorke rode about fifty yards above it in a parallel line. When he had gone some two hundred yards, having settled his reins, and gathered his horse well together, he suddenly turned at right angles down the hill. Urged on by the spurs, the gallant grey flew down, and with every stride gained on the hyena, which had turned down when Eustace did so. Graham and the orderly reined in their horses to watch the result.

“Three strides more, and Yorke must be

on him !” muttered Graham, not without a certain amount of jealousy in his mind.

Yorke now dropped the point of his spear, and the hyena, as if by instinct, doubled short to the left. Too late ! In the act of turning, Yorke’s spear entered its ribs. With a supple wrist the horseman eased his hold of the spear, and the hyena fell off it as the horse galloped on. When Yorke turned the grey—and he had sped on two hundred yards ere he could do so—he beheld the hyena cantering off, as if nothing had happened to it.

“ Why, Graham, that beast is like Snarleyow !” cried Eustace, as he joined in the chase.

The hyena, now weakened by his wound, had nearly gained the lower slopes of the ridge of hills. Leaving to the other the chances of killing him, Eustace rode up to turn it from the hills. In this he succeeded,

and now, having been once forced away from its refuge, the animal put its head straight for the open plains. For two miles the chase continued at a rapid pace.

Every sportsman in England must have remarked how silent a select field becomes when hounds are racing across a difficult country. Not a word was said now but by Yorke, who, seeing that Kali Khan's horse was freshest (as well he might be, carrying three stone weight less than the other two), occasionally urged on his orderly with some kindly expression, as he only used when excited. Kali Khan, devotedly attached to his Colonel, and proud of his esteem, made every effort to press the hyena, while Yorke saved his horse for half a mile.

At the entrance of a village the hyena turned, and Yorke, by making a turn inside, very nearly struck him. Putting his head straight for the open again, the hyena

started as fresh, apparently, as at first. Kali Khan's horse began to show signs of distress, and Yorke once more passed to the front. Graham had dropped behind before the village was reached, and Kali Khan was now reduced to a slow trot. Yorke began to fear that his horse also might be beaten off, for though the grey held on, yet it was evidently his breeding only which enabled him to answer to his master's calls on his strength and endurance.

“Half a mile further,” muttered Yorke, “and I must kill the hyena or lose him.”

Suddenly the animal disappeared under ground. Pulling up, Yorke saw that it had crept into a hollow, or natural drain, with a fissure at both ends. The hole was not unlike those into which all English sportsmen have seen a fox creep. The open drain under a gateway.

Jumping off his horse, Yorke put his

crushed solar hat on the spear's point, and tried to shout for his orderly. No sound, however, could he make for two or three minutes, so parched was his throat.

In five minutes, to his great joy, he saw Kali Kahn appearing, and shortly afterwards Graham came up. A short consultation was held, and it was decided that Yorke should first walk up on one side, while Graham approached on the other, and Kali Khan was to assist either that might most need his help. Yorke now approached with his spear firmly grasped.

Standing close over the hyena, he drove the point of the spear into the animal's back, but was jerked backwards as the hyena, starting up, charged Graham. Planted some two feet above the animal, Graham, with the point of his spear held low down, stood firm. With a hoarse cry the hyena sprang at him, but only to impale itself on the

spear ; while Eustace Yorke and the orderly put it out of its pain.

They then turned back' for Shadowra. Well pleased with their sport, they found additional reason to be satisfied on their return. Yorke's chief servant, Mahomed, had pitched the tent on the banks of the stream, and under the shade of a mango grove. Two water-carriers, with bullocks laden with water, rendered cold by the evaporation through the leather in which it was carried, stood ready.

Pulling off their clothes, our heroes sat in turn on a wooden platter, and over them each bullock's load was let fall. A well-cooked breakfast having been served, the amil, or chief man of the village, was received ; and Yorke, having touched the rupee offered as tribute money, sent the old man away, happy at the gentleman's civility. The beat-ers were then paid in Yorke's presence ;

a very necessary precaution, as otherwise they never receive more than half the sum which the sportsmen pay, the other half being intercepted by the chief men amongst them.

“Will you come out again, Yorke?” said Graham when they had looked at the horses.

“No—my head aches, and I must write some letters.”

“Well, I’ll go and see a deer caught, and will be back before you want to start.”

“The amil said he had a cheetah. Be back by four o’clock, please.”

“Yes.”

Yorke settled down to some correspondence on business matters, and wrote steadily till Graham returned.

“Any sport?”

“Oh, yes! we got two. We had the cheetah in a bullock-cart, and by placing me

behind it, the cart was put within one hundred yards or so of a herd of deer. The cheetah's keeper then unslipped a hood from off the animal's head, and it was a beautiful sight to watch the cunning of the creature. He dropped quietly to the ground, and crawled on, crouching till within some fifty yards of its prey, when it sprang forward. Though the deer saw it and started, it was too late ; for the cheetah got as far in one bound as did the deer in three, and it was soon pulled down. I saw two failures, the cheetah being discovered while still distant, and he seemed to be good only for eighty yards or so."

They then mounted, and rode home to the station, leaving Kali Khan to come in with the horses, and establishment.

CHAPTER XIV.

“ ——A pine,
 Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the vacancy—
 Its swinging boughs to each inconstant blast
 Yielding one only response ; at each pause,
 In most familiar cadence with the blast,
 The thunder and the hiss of homeless streams
 Mingling its solemn song, whilst the broad river,
 Foaming and hurrying o’er its rugged path,
 Fell into that unmeasurable void,
 Scattering its waters to the passing wind.”

SHELLEY.

“ **Y**OU will have to go to a cooler climate to recover, or you must return at once to Europe,” was the dictum of the regimental doctor who attended Eustace for sunstroke ; and in a few days Sir Eustace Yorke, accompanied by his favourite servant, departed for the Himalayas. His first desire was to go and recover his health

sufficiently to return to his duties; but insensibly he became affected with delight at witnessing the most sublime and beautiful scenes in which nature unites all her charms of fertility and grace—all her grandeur of form and structure.

On the southern side of these peerless hills Eustace ascended by degrees, and, eager to escape from the stifling air of the plains, he was not satisfied till, at the end of several days' journeys, he had reached to the height where his willing feet sank into snow, and the pine and the juniper formed with shrubby rhododendrons the only vegetation. His naturally fine constitution rallied rapidly under that tonic of cold weather; and then he descended into a more temperate region, for in that wondrous locality the difference of half a day's journey was the change of barrenness to luxuriant vegetation.

His tent was pitched at length in a spot where nature lavished her utmost abundance of fruit and flowers around him and at his feet. In the distance snow peak after peak stretched away in blended beauty, telling clear against the azure sky; whilst from each summit, shining like frosted silver, leaped innumerable sparkling rills, catching the sunbeams till they glittered like diamonds in the young light, and bounded onwards, till they united in the floods of the majestic Indus.

Sir Eustace and his servant fixed their habitation on the Pin Pingal. Other peaks arose near them, with their coronets of pine. The camels browsed freely, released from their load. The simple fare which sufficed the Hindoo and his master was stored away in the tent in which the camp bed of Eustace had been placed. Ordinarily, a cloak and a bed of leaves was

deemed by that youth to be sufficient, but he was to be considered an invalid, and treated accordingly, the doctor had said.

For the first few days the landscape offered sufficient charms for contemplation. It seemed such a pity, too, to burn the wood of the beautiful rhododendrons, such as were cultivated with such care in his mother's, or, rather, in his own grounds. Then it was strange to lie on the herbage, and by drawing a straggling branch towards him, to eat his fill of wild grapes, or in walking, to move carefully, lest he should crush a melon, or trample down groups of pine-apples. Geraniums, in all their varieties, made a fragrant carpet for his feet, more odorous from their pressure; and the tangles of different kinds of convolvuli and clematis hung in festoons from the branches above him.

When he was weary of contemplating the

exuberance of nature's bounties which grew near him, he directed his telescope to the neighbouring peaks, which, notwithstanding the salubrity of the climate, seemed almost solitary. On one acclivity only there were signs of human life. A herd of cows seemed to be attended by a majestic-looking woman, who emerged from a cavern in the side of the mountain, which seemed to serve as her habitation. Eustace watched her idly as she drove one by one aside, and tethered and milked each of them. He was seized with a desire to possess some of this innocent and nutritious beverage, and was about to call Kali Khan, and send him to the cow-keeper for that purpose, when he remembered that, though seemingly so near, he was in reality by time five or six hours distant from

“The lowing mothers of the milking herd,”

and would have as much difficulty in reach-

ing them, as the inhabitant of a high tower in a fortified castle to join his companion at the opposite end.

But he was feeling comparatively well and strong; and, with a natural sense of justice, thought that if he wanted the milk, he might as well encounter the fatigues of the descent of his own mountain, and the ascent of the opposite one. Besides, he had a little squeamish dread lest the dark lips of his attendant should take a toll from the delicious fluid before it reached his own. He would not have grudged the milk; but even his three years' roughing under canvas had not entirely destroyed what our American brothers would designate "his particularities." So he started on his descent, and, flushed and weary with the hot air which greeted him at the foot of the mountain, he toiled up the side of the other, sometimes walking, sometimes clinging by the

rope-like stems of vines and creeping shrubs, over the rocks which diversified the surface. He stopped occasionally to rest, and to drink of the innumerable rills which sparkled down the mountain side, and was more than half tempted to be content with the cool blessing which then laved his parched lips, and leave the cows to themselves. But it was unlike the Anglo-Saxon character of our hero to leave unfinished any object he had contemplated accomplishing. It was not for the sake of the milk, so much as that he did not like to be beaten, that he persevered. Had he turned back, he would have escaped many hours of suffering.

At length he attained the platform on which the quiet herd of cows were grazing, or ruminating under the trees ; but he found that his eye had been deceived by the distance as to the locality. He had fancied

the cavern to be on a level with the platform ; now he found that it was raised behind it by the form of the mountain, and that there was a deep ravine, full of dashing, sparkling water, between the habitation of the cow-keeper and the place where her cows were pastured. As he raised himself by degrees, and wearily, to the level of the green herbage, he saw, amidst that scene of vegetable luxuriance, the most beautiful girl he had ever beheld. She seemed to be about fifteen, and was slender and graceful, as are Eastern women at that early age. Her skin was fair, and her colour delicate ; whilst her eyes were black and lustrous, and her glossy black hair was knotted at the back of her head. She held some bird of brilliant plumage on her finger, apparently of the parrot tribe, towards which her attention was directed. Her drapery was white as snow, excepting a scarlet scarf tied loosely round

her waist. In the East white seems ever whiter, and colours more intense, than in our cloudy atmosphere. As Eustace advanced towards her, she was seized with a sudden panic, and darted away to the verge of the ravine. He followed her, calling out in her native language to her to return ; but, to his horror, she disappeared, and the impression that she had fallen into the foaming torrent made pale the cheeks that had glowed with exercise and recovered health. When he reached the spot where he had lost her, she was half way across the stream, bounding from one large fragment of rock to another, sprinkled with the spray which rose from each stony impediment to the headstrong waters ; and looking back as she splashed through the further edge of the stream, where it was shallower, she laughed at the disappointed look, blended with wonder, in the countenance of the European who so

steadfastly regarded her. Breathlessly she climbed into her lair, and rolled herself up in a tiger skin, out of which Eustace still saw the gleam of her semi-savage eyes.

“Not much chance of my getting any milk, unless I turn milkman for the occasion,” thought the young man; but as he spoke, the woman whom he had seen by the help of his glass came from the interior of the cave, and Eustace, raising his voice to be heard above the rushing waters, told her why he had come, and requested her to supply him with milk.

She left the verge of the cascade, and he presently saw her crossing it where the passage was easier, because higher up the stream, where it was narrower, and where a fallen pine-tree made a natural bridge, and in a short time she strode down to the place where he was standing.

Eustace could converse easily in most of

the native dialects. The knowledge which could be gained by attrition with his fellow men was acquired by Eustace with much greater facility than when it must be gleaned from books. His intellect was brightened by the fresh air and bright sunshine, and he had taken pleasure in committing to memory not only the bald sentences which were necessary for the purposes of common life, but the idioms known for the most part only to natives themselves.

As the woman came towards him, he thought he had never seen a more repulsive countenance, surmounting a more gigantic frame. There was a wild kind of beauty in the flash of her dark eyes, but her face was wrinkled and weather-beaten, and the lower part of it coarse and sensual. She came forward to the Sahib salaaming reverently, and asked what his excellency would please to want. She had not only milk,

but cheese, which the Sahib might delight in.

Eustace sat down whilst she milked one of the cows, and enjoyed the meal which she prepared for him, having returned to her cave for some chupatties. She was urgent that he should purchase a cheese, but Eustace rather objected to the trouble of carrying it for the delectation of Kali Khan, as he was not himself a cheese eater. The woman settled the matter herself. She would bring him milk and cheese the next day.

“But the distance!”

“The Sahib will pay well!” she said, with another salaam.

Eustace laughed, and agreed to her demands, which, though they seemed to her excessive, appeared to the young man to be not unreasonable.

He hazarded a question about the girl he had seen. “Her daughter?” “Yes.

She was a widow. This young virgin was her only child. Should she compel her to return and speak to the Sahib?" Eustace replied in the negative, but the wily Asiatic saw the wistful look in the eyes which the lips contradicted, and drew her own conclusions.

It is seldom that Englishmen, however strict in their moral conduct in England, preserve the same rule of life in India, where license is so general. It is difficult to persuade the young not to take the goods the gods—*i.e.* the Indian gods—provide them, where the enervating influences of climate weaken the hand which would restrain the career of passion.

Eustace had already felt the charms too seducing of those lithe and glowing beauties. Perhaps the Anglo-Saxon feeling that they were of a race inferior to his own insensibly diminished the deference he felt inclined to

pay to every woman whose skin bore the same tint as that of his countrywomen. Yet, notwithstanding this, the seclusion and fairness of the young Asiatic, and the innocent and timid air with which she had regarded him, so unlike the voluptuous invitation which shone in the eyes of many of her countrywomen, stirred the heart of the young man with a feeling very like love.

With the impetuosity of his character in everything which he desired, the wish was commensurate with the strength of a will that had hitherto overborne all obstacles. All his thoughts were now fixed on this mountain maiden. How well she fitted the scenery amidst which she was placed, so beautiful yet so wild; surrounded by all the grandeur as well as the luxuriance of nature. Did Eve look thus, he wondered. Eve herself could not be more beautiful than Lyla.

Like a European mother looking out for her daughter, the conscience of Eustace interrogated him—"What are your intentions? Would you ruin the innocence which you admire and reverence?" He answered faintly—"Disgrace is not here what it would be to an English girl." "Would you take her to your refined home?—would you present her to Lady Yorke as your wife?" A half smile flitted across the face of Eustace at the thought of the incongruity. Lyla in an English dress—in a corset and crinoline!—those beautifully rounded feet pinched into a pair of Balmoral boots! He sighed, and grew angry with himself, with Lyla, with all the world. And then, for it was early morning, and the sun was just beginning to dart his golden lines over the summit of the gleaming snowdrops, he took his telescope and directed it to the spot where Lyla and her mother resided.

She was not there—not in sight yet ; still he could picture to his imagination—how beautiful!—a fragrant flower, tinted with delicate hues, half hidden in the long dewy grass of her native mountains, in these sweet and glimmering hours of early morning. A wild bird of gorgeous plumage, untamed to the touch of her captor. Thus fancy painted her to Eustace. He did not, could not picture her as partaking of the nature of her mother—with the wild passions of a tiger, with the creeping venom of a serpent advancing with sinuous movement on its prey.

As he again directed his glass to the side of the mountain where she dwelt, he saw her come forth from the cavern, and descend it, keeping by the verge of the torrent. At the side of the base the waters bubbled and eddied into a smooth pond, of unknown depth. She reached its margin, and began

to fling off her crimson scarf and snowy shawl.

Eustace dropped his glass—to continue to observe her would have been profanation. He turned away and tried to think of the landscape—of the snow mountains, of their comparative heights; of the sources of the mighty rivers flowing from these snow-capped peaks—of the strange vegetation which was spread around him. He had brought no books excepting his Bible. He opened it to distract his mind from the thoughts of the young milk-girl. The leaves separated at that beautiful pastoral poem called the “Song of Solomon.” Its exquisite tenderness had never before so vibrated through the frame of the young Englishman. The scenery resembled that of which the regal Poet sang. Lyla might pass for the bride, were she less timid. How lovely she had appeared in her graceful drapery—a

vesture of needlework, a small worked cap, from which flowed on each side the muslin folds which floated over those rounded arms and graceful shoulders.

Involuntarily he quoted, “O my dove! thou art in the cleft of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs. Let me see thy countenance—let me hear thy voice, for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.”

Of the comeliness of her countenance he could well judge, but of her voice he had heard no spoken word, only her cooing to the bird she held. She was perfect in face and figure—perfect in all her adjuncts.

The dashing cascade with its clear waters seemed typical of her purity, the springing flowers of her fresh youth, the wild birds of her untamed nature.

He returned to his couch and slept, to dream that he saw her crossing the mountain stream, only to be overwhelmed in its

waters. He awoke, to see her standing at the door of his tent, with downcast eyes and grave graceful movement, holding in her hands a basket covered with vine leaves, on which reposed a honeycomb. Without raising her lustrous eyes, she uttered her little speech, evidently conned before. She had brought the sahib some honey as a gift; her mother had accompanied her to bring the milk and cheese.

The practised eye of Eustace saw that more care had been taken in her adornment now than when he had seen her accidentally. She had twined some white lilies in the braids of her shining black hair; and a blue scarf, with the ends embroidered with gold, was twisted with the crimson one she had previously worn.

He arose from his bed, on which he had been reposing in his dressing-gown, and courteously took the honey from her hands,

inviting her to be seated on the box which served as a chair; but she pointed to her mother, who was standing at a short distance, keeping her beautiful charge in view, and making a low salaam, she returned to her companion, leaving a flush of pleasure on the cheek of Eustace, and a trepidation in his heart. If our hero could suddenly have heard of the neighbourhood of one or two rebel chiefs, who might be pursued, and taken alive or dead—had he received information of the vicinity of a boar, a lion, or tiger, the image of the lovely Lyla might have faded from his mind, “like the baseless fabric of a vision.”

But no such fortunate circumstance occurred to save our hero from temptation and sorrow. He had no book, as I have before observed, but his Bible, and in that the pastoral images kept awake the thoughts of the young Asiatic. He had no occupation

except that of walking and climbing, and visions of Lyla accompanied him always.

On the following morning her mother brought the milk, unaccompanied by her daughter; and the subtile woman, watching the countenance of Eustace, as she stood at his tent door, saw that he glanced impatiently past her to see if she were accompanied. He asked no questions, however, and she was so far disappointed. Eustace, after desiring Kali Khan to pay her for the milk, dismissed her.

His glass revealed to him the figure of Lyla, reclining under one of the trees near the torrent, seemingly employed in weaving grasses, dyed with different colours, into bracelets and armlets. Some hours later he saw her mother returning to her, and saw Lyla rise suddenly and bound towards her. They seemed to be talking eagerly, and as

both turned and looked at his tent, he believed they spoke of him.

Later in the evening he observed Lyla descending the hill alone. One of the calves seemed to have strayed, as he saw the mother pointing to the herd, and seemingly counting them. Probably she was too tired from her morning walk to seek it herself. Eustace had seen the creature feeding lower down the declivity than the rest of the cattle in the morning, and guessed which way it had taken.

The temptation to assist Lyla in her search was irresistible. He overlooked the probability that the calf would be found and driven back before he could reach the young girl ; and taking his gun, as a reason for his departure to Kali Khan, he descended with such speed as to make him breathless. Occasionally he looked at the opposite mountain, and tracked Lyla by the flutter of her

white drapery, even where she was partly hidden by the branches, opaque with dense foliage. Presently she seated herself, seemingly weary with her fruitless search, and Eustace advanced towards her silently, remembering how she had fled from him on a former occasion. He was within a few yards of her, still unperceived, for the grass, with its feathery tops and gigantic stems, concealed his approach. She was singing in a low monotonous voice, with great sweetness and passion, the words of which the following is a translation :—

“ The phantom of my love came in my slumber.
‘ Phantom of slumber ! who,’ I said, ‘ has sent thee ?’
‘ He who in sleep no earthly bonds encumber,
He whose fond watchings only can content thee.’ ”

She stopped, and Eustace was about to advance, when she sang again :—

“ In the deep darkness came to me my lover.
I stood in reverence till he sat him down.
‘ Thou com’st at midnight the fenced city over ;
Fear’st thou the watchmen in the silent tower ?’ ”

‘ I feared at first, but breathless, passion-tost,
All fear save that of losing thee was lost.’ ”

Eustace put aside the foliage and approached her. She gave a startled cry, and would have fled ; but the young man sprang forward and seized her arm, on which she screamed, with a expression of bodily pain so acute that he let her go, and she sank down, cowering, with shrinking form and uplifted eyes, like a hound fearing the lash.

“ I did not mean to hurt you ; why do you fear me ? ” said Eustace.

“ I know not, Sahib.”

“ Why did you shriek so loudly when I touched you ? ”

She did not reply otherwise than by baring her arm, and showing it to be black with bruises, seemingly inflicted with a large bamboo cane, as, in some parts, where the stick was jointed, the wound was deepest.

“ Who can—who dared to do this ? ”

said the young man, anger flashing from his eyes.

“You pity me, Sahib?”

“Pity you!—I burn with indignation. Who did it?”

“My mother, because the cows strayed—she often beats me.”

“Your mother!—can a woman, and a mother, strike thus?”

“I must go—she will beat me again—I cannot find the calf. Sometimes I fear so much, that I think of the deep water at the bottom of the torrent.”

“I can find your calf for you, poor child, this time—I saw the direction in which it went. Stay here till I find it.”

“Let your slave go with you, Sahib.”

They went together—both young, both cast in nature’s finest mould;

“For valour he, and manly beauty formed;
For softness she, and fair attractive grace.”

Eustace would have offered to assist her over the craggy ground, but she bounded over every impediment like a gazelle. Eustace was tempted to repeat some lines which he had met in his studies of Eastern literature—

“ Small is thine age, O beautiful gazelle,
Thy mother’s breast thy food till lately gave ;
Didst thou descend to drink the sparkling well,
Or crop the lilies bordering its wave ?

On me those wild and brilliant glances play,
So mutable in light, so tender, shy ;
Irresolute thy timid footsteps stay,
Thy servant pleads—rejected he must die.”

When the calf was found and driven nearly to his home, Eustace left the young girl. He had a horror of seeing the mother who could thus barbarously treat her unoffending child.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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